

NEXT WEEK---Harvest Festival Thanksgiving Number.

THE

THE WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

17th Year. No. 50

WILLIAM BOOTH
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
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WAITING FOR FATHER

(See Poem on Page 4.)



III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER X.

Lothar II. A.D. 1125-1137

When Heinrich V. died, without children, the Franconian line of Emperors came to an end, and ten great nobles from the four chief dukedoms met at Mainz to choose a new king. Heinrich had left all his own lands to his sister's sons, Konrad and Friedrich of Hohenstaufen, and one of these hoped to be elected; but the Germans feared that they would bring them as many troubles as had risen under the last Franconians, and therefore chose in their stead Lothar, Duke of Saxony.

He thought he could never do enough to avoid the evils that Heinrich IV. had brought on the country, and therefore asked Pope Innocent II. to ratify his election, and gave up the agreement at Worms, with all rights to homage from bishops. This displeased the Hohenstaufen, and all who held for the power of the kings, and there was again a great war. The chief supporter of the king was Heinrich the Proud, Duke of Bavaria, who married his daughter, Matilda, and was made Duke of Saxony. Heinrich's family was descended from a forefather named Wolf, or Wolf, a Christian name often given, but of which a very odd story is told. It is said that the Countess of Altdorf laughed at a poor woman who had three children born at the same time, and that, as a punishment, she gave birth to twelve sons in one day. She was so much shocked that she sent all of them but one to be drowned in the lake, but on the way the maid, who was carrying them in her apron, met the count. He asked what she had there. "Wolves," she said; but he pulled aside his sleeve, and, seeing his eleven little sons, had them safely brought up, and they were known by the name of Welfen. One of the Welfs married into the Italian house of Este, and both in Italy and Germany the party of the Pope came to be known as Welfs, or Guelfs, while the party of the Kaiser were termed Waiblinger, from the castle of Waibling belonging to the Hohenstaufen. The Italians made this word into Ghibellin, and for many years there were fierce quarrels between the Guelf and Ghibellin, the first upholding the power of the State, the second that of the Church.

These nobles of Germany were much less powerful than the great Emperors of the houses of Saxony and Franconia had been; and now that all fiefs had been made hereditary, the great dukes and margraves were more independent of them, while the counts and barons were likewise more independent of their dukes. Every one was building castles and fortifying cities, whence the nobles made war on each other, and robbed those who passed on the roads. There is a story of a bishop who gave a knight the charge of his castle, and when he was asked how those things were to live, pointed down the four roads that met there, to indicate that the travelers were to be robbed for the supplies!

The larger cities governed themselves by councils, and called themselves free imperial cities, and these were the most prosperous and peaceful places both in Germany and Italy, for even bishops and abbots did not always so keep out of the fray as to make themselves respected. The minstrels, gypsies, love-singers, or minstrels, could, however, go about from town to town and castle to castle, singing their ballads, and always food and welcome.

The great Countess Matilda had left all her dominions to the Pope, and Lothar acknowledged this right of Innocent II., and crossed the Alps in order to be crowned Kaiser. There was an Antipope set up by the Ghibellines, who held the Church of St. Peter and the Castle of St. Angelo, and as Lothar could not drive them out, the coronation had to be in the Church of St. John Lateran. He came a second time to Italy, to put down a great disturbance in Lombardy, taking with him Konrad of

Hohenstaufen, to whom he had restored the dukedom of Franconia, and had made standard-bearer to the imperial army. Konrad was a good and noble man, brave, courteous, and devout, and respectful to the clergy, especially to the Pope, which was the more remarkable, as he was head of the Ghibelline party. The head of the Guelphs, Heinrich the Proud, was as much hated as Konrad was loved, for his insolence to everyone, from the Pope downward, and for his continual eruptions to the priests who fell into his hands. His father-in-law, the Emperor, favored him, and gave him the Marquisate of Tuscany.

On the way home, Lothar II. was taken ill, and died in a peasant's hut in the Tyrol, in 1137.

(To be continued.)



Words are the wings of ideas.

Saints are not made by polishing slimmers.

A long prayer may rise from a very little pity.

Neglect shuts and bolts the door of opportunity.

If you are afraid of falling, give God your hand.

The right side will ultimately prove the bright side.

Leave your care where you kneel in humble prayer.

Fault-finding should begin at home, and end there.

No amount of temptation can ever necessitate sin.

Walking with God will always lead you towards man.

Half-an-hour too soon is better than a minute too late.

Sanctification by faith is the crown jewel of the Gospel.

It is only when sin dies that a man truly begins to live.

Lord, keep me: that I may keep Thy commandments.

You will find it a great blessing to count your blessings.

All the promises of God are within the compass of faith.

There are no warning milestones on the backslider's road.

Cleaning old bricks to build new houses is weary work.

God gives the constitution, but man makes the character.

With Christ at the helm, the vessel can never be wrecked.

If you would enjoy to-day, do not worry about to-morrow.

Wear shabby coat rather than lose a good conscience.

Difficulties are circumstances beyond our unaided powers.

He who abounds with pity is sure to be filled with humility.

A lie is none the better for being banished with poetic phrases.

Doubts and fears come from suspecting the truth of God's love.

To murmur is to quarrel with God; to dispute is to quarrel with men.

To fire blank cartridges at the target of success often attributes failure.

Many a man fails simply because he is not enough in earnest at the outset.

The great business of life is not pleasure, not fame, not money; but noble character.

The noblest contribution which any man can make for the benefit of posterity is that of a good character.

On a sweltering Sabbath in a little church in the backwoods, the pungent minister, instead of preaching a long sermon, called the attention of the congregation to the figures of the thermometer. "Just study those figures," he said. "It isn't half as hot here as you'll find it hereafter if you don't mend your ways."

ANGELS WITH CUDS OF TOBACCO.

The Rev. Mr. H. was a good man, but very fond of chewing tobacco.

One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and going to a cabin nearby, knocked at the door. A sharp-looking old lady answered his summons. "He asked for shelter."

"I don't know you," she replied suspiciously.

"Remember the Scriptures," said the dame. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

"Angels don't come round with cuds of tobacco in their mouths," she replied, and slammed the door in his face.

CONVICTED BY A SONG.

His father was a missionary, and the son had been sent to Scotland to be educated for the ministry. When the latter returned to the West Indies "duly ordained," he drew great crowds, and was placed in charge of a large church. But, after a time he began to drink heavily, and was called upon to resign by those who said there was no harm in moderate drinking. He then became a slave-master. He was no friend of the Slave Armies. But one day, he said to the writer, "I had gone to bed early last Sunday night, and woke up, when some of your people were going home singing, 'My Lord! my Lord! what a mournful! It sent a thrill through me, and was as if the Judgment Day had begun. I trembled all over, and crept out of bed on my knees. I cried to God for mercy, confessing all my sins and short-comings, but heaven was as brass to my prayers. Yet I felt it was my visitation, and sleep was out of the question. I prayed for hours, until the answer came, and I am now reconciled to God."

REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

There is no more difficult or unpleasant part of an editor's labors than that which requires him to send back a manuscript. So many people are sensitive upon the subject of the creations of their brains, that when a rude editorial hand rejects them it seems like calling a cub a dog in the presence of the mother. But let us be thankful that editors have determined to send back manuscripts to authors, otherwise the columns of our newspapers would be filled with a vast amount more of ill-digested, poorly-written, and unreadable contributions.

An editor in China, however, has a way of rejecting a manuscript which is thoroughly characteristic of the Chinese. The following is said to be a translation of a letter sent by a Chinese editor in returning a manuscript:

"Illustrous brother of the sun and moon: Behold the servile prostitute before the feet. I bow to the sun and god of the graciously, and mayest grant that I may speak and live. Thy honored manuscript was designed to cast the light of its august countenance upon us. With raptures we have perused it. By the bones of my ancestors, never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought. With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure you sent me, the Emperor would order that it should be made the standard, and that none be published except such as equalled it. Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible to ten thousand to equal what you have done, I send your writing back. Ten thousand times I crave your pardon. Behold my head is at your feet. Do what you will. Your servant's servant. —The Editor."

Of all the newspapers published in the world, 68 per cent. are in the English language.

A speedy method of plucking fowls has been devised in Germany. The dead bird is placed in a receptacle and subjected to several severe cross-currents of air from electric fans, turning at the rate of 5,000 revolutions a minute. The bird has every feather and quill blown off in a very few minutes.

Items of Interest.

It is said that hydrophobia is increasing in Paris.

There is a wasp pest in the fruit-growing districts of England.

The South African winter begins toward the end of April and lasts till September.

May 17th next the King of Spain will be of age and assume control of the Government.

The Royal yacht Victoria and Albert is a failure, and will not again be used by King Edward.

Dutch cheese contains 41 per cent. of water; against only 30 per cent. in Cheshire cheese.

Spain has been bankrupt four times in the century, the last being for 550 millions, in 1882.

Forts cover one-tenth of the land of the earth and one-quarter of Europe's land surface.

The new Hungarian telegraph between Budapest and Flume sends 40,000 words an hour.

The guinea-pig holds the record for quick growth among animals. It is full-grown at six weeks.

In 1815 there were only 839,000 electors in the United Kingdom; there are now nearly 6,500,000.

Europe loses \$9,522 lives a year by accidents and 30,000 die from similar causes in the United States.

The biggest artesian well in Europe is at Gremelle, near Paris. It gives 700,000 gallons of water a day.

Coal is cheapest in Austria, averaging 5s. at the pit's mouth, against 6s. in England and 8s. 2d. in France.

The world's record in fires is not that of London, but the Moscow fire of 1570, in which 200,000 people perished.

Game, according to English law, includes hares, pheasants, partridges, grouse, black game, pheasant, and bustard.

The late Empress Frederick's house regiment will henceforth bear the title of "Queen Augusta Victoria's Regiment."

Of 36,000 children admitted to British reformatories in the last ten years, 23,000 have been apprenticed to useful trades.

It is said in London that the great shipbuilding firm of the Armstrong-Whitworth Company, of Newcastle, is considering the feasibility of building a shipyard in Canada.

Charcoal is the great Italian fuel, Naples alone consuming 40,000 tons of wood charcoal, at a cost of from \$20 to \$25 per ton, the national consumption being 700,000 tons.

It has been known for some time that the sea coast of Germany is sinking, especially in the neighborhood of Hamburg, and the exact rate for the last 50 years has now been determined to be 5 feet 2 inches.

The deafness of Queen Alexandra of England began, it is said, when she was quite a child, but developed much more rapidly after marriage, so that she has now, for several years, had practically no use at all of one ear.

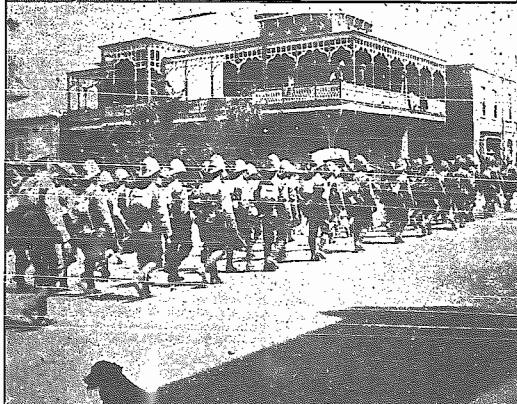
At Kingston, Jamaica, a heavy test of English and American locomotives on the railroad has resulted in a great victory for the latter, which drew 120 tons over the heaviest part of the line in seven minutes under the schedule time.

A new lifeboat has been launched at Barry, England, and appropriately christened John Wesley, to cost nearly £1,000, having been contributed by the Rev. J. R. Hargraves and the members of the Wesleyan Church, of which he is minister.

Olive Thorne Miller, the writer of "Birds in the Kitchen," is said, only puts down what she actually sees of feathered heroes and heroines. She will sit for hours on a camp stool watching the movements of birds through field-glasses, and taking notes of their doings. She lives in Brooklyn, near Prospect Park.

War Scenes in South Africa.

Kindly Supplied by Mrs. Lieut.-Col. Read, and Published for the First Time, by Courtesy of the County Studio, Leeds, England.



The S.A. in the Boer War

bury his son, and had also conducted a brief service.

A tin railway station, hospital tents, and a graveyard comprise Chieveley. Here I sketched the grave of the poor boy I had come to make enquiries about. He was buried within a few feet of Lord Roberts' son.

In my pocket that day I carried a letter received from a young wife, begging me to do all I could for her husband. It was full of loving tales

THE following are extracts from the diary of Staff-Capt. Murray, until recently laboring among the troops in South Africa:—

I saw Private Lock's grave, marked by a roughly-made wooden cross and his helmet. This grave had for me a special interest, as I had written to Lock's father the previous mail, telling him Capt. Ashman had helped to



On Duty at the Vaal River.

sages, tender thoughts, ending with a prayer that I would try and see him, and send her every tiny particular about him. Walking around the cemetery, I was arrested by the sight of the grave of the very man whose wife I had heard from. "Died from wounds," I read on the little card, and could read no further, for my eyes were dimmed with tears for the girl-wife, girl-mother, now so desolate. The letter felt like lead in my pocket.

At the terrible disaster of Magersfontein, in the Black Watch alone, we lost six Salvationists. Two died singing "Safe in the arms of Jesus" as they received their death wounds. Another, by name Private Bob Wilson, who had been a Salvationist for several years, was dying from the effects of two wounds in the head. When offered drink or water he refused, saying, "Give it to some other lad; I have the Water of Life," and so passed away to be with God.

A strange, weird sight it was. The horses, white-scrip'd and talking fantastic shapes in the blazing grassfires, lighted by the Boers to cover their retreat, crept across them; the group of khaki-clad soldiers; the monotonous ring of the pick, as it cut the hard ground; the two awful, still, stiff, forms lying close by. The grave ready, we laid our comrades gently in it, covering their white faces reverently with a handkerchief. A short lesson, an exhortation, a prayer, and the grave was filled in.

Heroes of the Cross.

REV. C. G. FINNEY.

C. G. FINNEY was born in Warren, Litchfield County, Connecticut, August 29th, 1792.

He devoted himself to the study of law, in which profession he was for some time engaged. This employment led him to read his Bible, because he found it quoted in the law books. He noticed, however, that the professing Christians around him were constantly asking God to pour out His spirit, and give them a revival; and yet, according to their own confessions, they failed to receive any answer. This was a great stumbling block to him, and nearly drove him to scepticism. On the examination of the Bible, he discovered that the cause of their failure was their need to meet the conditions on which God promises to answer prayer.

After a great deal of searching the Scriptures, and debating in his mind, he was led to an unconditional surrender of himself to God. His conversion was remarkably clear and definite. His joy was deep. He thus describes his feelings at the time:

"My heart seemed to be liquid within me. All my feelings seemed to rise and flow out, and the utterance of my heart was, 'I want to pour my whole soul out to God.' The rising of my soul was great, that I rushed into the back room of my office to pray. There was no fire and no light in the room; nevertheless it appeared to me as if it was perfectly light. As I went in and shut the door after me, it seemed as if

I Met the Lord Jesus Christ

face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterward, that it was wholly a mental state. On the contrary, it seemed to me that I saw Him as I could see any other man. He said nothing, but looked at me in such a manner as to break me right down at His feet. I have always regarded this as a most remarkable state of mind; for it seemed to me a reality that He stood before me, and I fell down at His feet and poured out my soul to Him. I wept aloud like a child, and made such confessions as I could with choked utterance. It seemed to me that I bathed His feet with my tears; and yet I had no distinct impression that I touched Him, that I recollect. As soon as I became calm enough to break off from the interview, I returned to the front office, and found the fire had made of large wood nearly burned out. But as I was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it, without having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I had heard the things mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Ghost descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel impressions, like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love, for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very touch of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with joy and love, and I doubt not but I should say I literally belied out the unutterable gushing of my heart. These waves came over me one after another, until I recollect I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me. Lord, I cannot bear any more; yet I had no fear of death.'

Being assured that God wanted Him to preach, he gave up the study of law, and at once commenced his work as an

Ambassador of the Cross.

From the first his labors were eminently successful. He travelled in birth for souls. On these occasions he would not give up praying until God had assured him that his prayer would be answered.

He was licensed by the Presbytery to preach, and after having held some successful revival meetings he was ordained to the ministry.

His autobiography is full of the most thrilling incidents in connection with his labors. His revivals were powerful. Men of strong wills and educated minds — physicians, lawyers, and judges — were converted under his preaching, and fell like dead men to the floor. During twenty days which he spent in Rome, N.Y., there were five hundred conversions.

day the Lord applied with power to my heart the following words, addressed by the Lord Jesus to Paul (Acts xviii. 9, 10): — 'Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city.' This completely subdued my fears; but my heart was loaded with agony for the people. On Sunday morning I arose early, and retired to a grove not far from the village, to pour out my heart before God for a blessing on the labors of the day. I could not express the agony of my soul in words; but I struggled with such groaning and, I believe, with many tears, for an hour or two, without getting relief; but almost immediately came back to the grove. I did this three times. The last time I got complete relief, but just as it was time to go to meeting. I

In the village, which soon after spread in every direction, I think it was on the second Sabbath after this, when I came out of the pulpit, in the afternoon, an aged man approached and said, 'Can you not come and preach in our neighborhood? We have never had any religious preaching there.' I enquired the direction and the distance, and appointed to preach there the next afternoon, Monday, at five o'clock, in their school-house. I had preached three times in the village, and attended two prayer meetings on the Lord's Day; and on Monday I went on foot to fulfil this appointment. The weather was very warm that day, and before I arrived there I felt almost too faint to walk, and greatly fatigued (as I thought) in my mind; I lay down in the shade by the wayside, and I was too faint to reach there; and, if I did, too much disengaged to open my mouth to the people. When I arrived I found the house full, and immediately commenced the service by reading a hymn. They attempted to sing, but the horrid discord agonized my beyond expression. I leaned forward, put my elbows upon my knees, and my hands over my ears, and shook my head withal, to shut out the discord, which even then I could barely endure. As soon as I had ceased to sing, I cast myself down upon my knees, almost in a state of desperation. The Lord opened the windows of Heaven upon me, and gave me great enlargement and power in prayer. Up to this moment I had no idea what text I should use on this occasion. As I rose from my knees the Lord gave me this: —

'Up, Get You Out of This Place,

for the Lord will destroy this city.' I told the people as nearly as I could recollect, where that would find it, and went on to tell them of the destruction of Sodom. I gave them an outline of the history of Abraham and Lot, and their relations to each other; of Abraham's praying for Sodom, and of Lot, as the only pious man that was found in the city. While I was doing this, I was struck with the fact that the people looked exceedingly angry about me. Many countenances appeared very threatening, and some of the men near me looked as if they were about to strike me. This I could not understand, as I was only giving them, with great liberty of spirit, some interesting sketches of Bible history. As soon as I had completed the historical sketch, I turned upon them, and said that I had understood that they never had any religious meetings in that neighborhood, and, applying that fact, I turned them with the sword of the Spirit, with all my might. From that moment their solemnity increased with great rapidity. In a few moments there seemed to fall upon the congregation an instantaneous shock. I cannot describe the sensation that I felt, nor that which was apparent in the congregation; but the Word seemed literally to cut like a sword. The power from on high came down upon them in such a torrent that they fell from their seats in every direction. In less than a minute nearly the whole congregation was either down on their knees, or on their faces, or in some position prostrate before God. Every one was crying or groaning for mercy upon his own soul. They paid no further attention to me or to my preaching. I tried to get their attention, but I could not. I observed the aged man who had invited me there as still retaining his seat near the centre of the house. He was staring around him with a look of uttermost astonishment. Pointing to him, I cried, at the top of my voice, 'Can't you pray?' He knelt down and

Raised Out a Short Prayer, about as loud as he could shout; but they paid no attention to him. After looking around for a few moments, I knelt down and put my hand on the head of a young man who was kneeling at my feet, and engaged in prayer for mercy on his soul; I got his attention, and preached Jesus to him. After a few moments he seized Jesus by faith, and then broke out in prayer for those around him. I then turned to another in the same way, and with the same result; and then another, and another, till I know not how many had laid hold of Christ, and were full of prayer for others. After

Waiting to Take Father Home.

(To Our Frontispiece.)

DOW, Jack, we must be brave, for mother's sake.
Perhaps he'll soon come out, and we can go.
If he's got any money left to take,
I'll get it from him—if I can, you know.

And then we'll buy some tea, and cheese, and bread,
And milk for baby, like he used to get
Before dad took to drink. Poor little Ned!
He misses it so much, it makes him fret.

It's striking ten! Oh, dear! It's very late;
And mother all alone, so weak and ill;
We've been out here since twenty-five to eight.
Will father soon be done? I hope he will.

I know you're wretched, Jack, and so am I;
But everything depends on us, you know.
The home will soon be gone, but, by-and-by,
I'll get a place, and you to work will go.

If only mother could be got away,
Where father couldn't beat her any more,
She might grow better. Jack, I think we'll pray;
God has so often answered us before.

We know it is the devil in the drink
That sends men mad, and breaks up happy homes,
Could God shut all the publics, do you think?
There won't be any when His Kingdom comes.

Poor Jack! Your feet are cold. He's pawned your boots,
And you've no coat. That's gone for drink as well.
If things, like men, are measured by their fruits,
I'm nearly sure strong drink grows out of hell.

Our father used to love us, I am sure.
Until he took to drink. That spoiled it all;
Hark! Here he comes—he's rolling through the door!
Jack, you must hold him up, or else he'll fall.

The same number were converted in a few weeks' revival in Utica. The following are some instances from his autobiography of the wonderful manifestations of divine power which took place under his labors. Describing some meetings in a very wild place, he says: —

"I stopped at the village hotel, and there learned that there were no religious meetings held in that town at the time. They had a brick meeting-house, but it was locked up. By personal effort, I got a few people to assemble in the parlor of a Christian lady in the place, and preached to them on the evening after my arrival. As I passed round the village

I was shocked with the horrible profanity

that I heard among the men wherever I went. I obtained leave to preach in the school-house on the next Sabbath, but before the Sabbath arrived I was much disengaged; and almost terrified, in view of the state of society which I witnessed. On Saturday

went to the school-house, and found it filled to its utmost capacity. I took out my little pocket Bible, and read for my text, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I recited the love of God as contrasted with the ingratitude in which He was treated by those for whom He gave up His Son. I charged them their profanity upon them; and, as I recognized among my hearers several whose profanity I had particularly noticed, in the fulness of my heart, and the gushing of my tears, I pointed to them, and said, 'I hear these men call upon God to damn their fellows.' The word took powerful effect. Nobody seemed offended, but almost everybody greatly melted. At the close of the service the amiable landlord, Mr. Copeland, rose and said that he would open the meeting-house in the afternoon. He did so. The meeting-house was full, and, as in the morning, the word took wonderful effect. Thus

continuing in this way till nearly sunset. I was obliged to commit the meeting to the charge of the old gentleman who had invited me, and go to fulfill an appointment in another place for the evening.

(To be continued.)

S. B. M. Notes.
EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE

By CAPT. J. POOLE, T.P.S.

Barre, Vt.,

is our starting-point this week. Barre is one of the prosperous towns of Vermont State, marble and granite works being the chief industry. Here we have a number of Local G.B.M.



Capt. J. Poole,
T.P.S., East Ontario Province.

Agents, who are a credit to the work entrusted to them. Father Norris is a standing friend of the Army, being both Local Agent and box-holder. Our comrade leads the Province as box-holder in the present collection.

His Box Weighed Three Pounds Ten Ounces,

and contained 503 American pennies, all deposited by himself. Practical charity this.

Our Agents in Barre are as follows: Father Norris, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Vcale, William Newell. Total return for September quarter, \$16. This reflects great credit on the Agents appointed, and is a vast improvement on the past.

After a number of profitable meetings, I find myself in the train for St. Johnsbury. We were coming at a high rate of speed, dashing by the towering mountains, that present a very pretty picture. Again we are in the open for a moment. Before us walked an unknown man, who was returning home from his daily labor, not thinking that in close proximity was the monster death. We came upon him while rounding a curve. He was

Killed Almost Instantly.

Poor fellow! The train was stopped, and we went back only to look upon a man badly mangled, gasping his last. We picked him up tenderly and took him back to the place he had just left a few minutes before. "Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is." (Mark xii. 33.)

St. Johnsbury

is reached. Here I put in a week-end. The open-air on Saturday night was attended by about five hundred. The tears trickled down the cheeks of an old lady as the meeting proceeded. A lantern service followed, which pleased everybody.

Sunday was a good day from 7 a.m. to 4 p.m. Great numbers stood around the open-air meetings. When we were returning to the barracks on Sunday we were met by a Methodist minister who had been supplying. He turned and followed the march to the barracks, and made a few very favorable remarks with regard to the work of the Army. May God bless him.

Capt. Richmond and Yates are doing excellent service here, and the work is improving. The local G.B.M. Agent, Mrs. Wilkie, has a fixed determination to do her best during the coming quarter, and I left.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
A SALVATION ARMY VERSION
By Capt. Copperfield
BOOK THE SECOND

CHAPTER II.

Opinions of Others.

Mercy was at a standstill, and was hesitating between two opinions: (1) she was much attached to Mrs. Pilgrim, and felt inclined to go a little way with her; and (2) she was a bit concerned about her own soul, for the words she had heard had reached her heart. So she answered, "Neighbor, I did, indeed, come with you this morning to see Mrs. Pilgrim, but since she is preparing for a journey, I have a mind to stay and help her, and may probably go with her a part of the way."

Tim: "Well, I see that one foot makes another! But you warned by me, and be wise. When we are out of danger, we are out; but when we are in, we are in, and sometimes not able to get out."

So Mrs. Timorous returned with this startling piece of news to be first to tell her friends, Miss Scandal, Mrs. Embroidery, Mrs. Gossip, Miss Love-the-flesh, and Mrs. Waltz; and this is what they said about it:

Mrs. Gossip: "Well, I never! Mrs. Pilgrim is a born fool, and I would tell her so to her face. Why should she be worrying herself about her dead husband when she might get married again, and be the mistress of a public-house; for old Mr. Pale Ale has written her many love-letters. I have been told, and would make her comfortable for life."

Miss Love-the-flesh: "You have just said what I was about to say, only that I am inclined to think that that Salvation Army is at the bottom of it all, for I saw one of them coming out of her place the other day, smiling all over her face. I wonder if any dangerous people who should be driving out of this city, or they will succeed in turning everything upside-down. The very sight of any of them in their uniform makes me feel bad."

Mrs. Scandal: "It strikes me we have only heard half of the news about Mrs. Pilgrim. I believe that she is either going to elope with someone who cannot marry her, or she has got into trouble which she would like to hide by pretending to go on pilgrimage. She is no better than she should be, and were I to say all I have heard about her, you would all agree with me. I do hate people who, when they get into trouble, pretend to get religious."

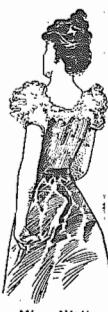


Mrs. Gossip.

Mrs. Embroidery: "She has such a fine figure, and such a nice taste in the newest fashions. I always admire the cut of her latest gown. Although she is like the rest of us, unable, from lack of means, to dress as we would like to, yet she used to cut a dash, and no mistake. Of late, however, she seems to have been losing her reason, little by little; so, perhaps, it's all the better she is going, or she might remain and have

me to be sent to the lunatic asylum, which would increase the burden of our taxes. Goodness knows, they're heavy enough as it is."

Mrs. Waltz: "What I am sorry for is that she was such a graceful dancer, and so will be missed. She knew every movement in a double set of Egyptian quadrilles, and was as light as a feather and a cork in ball-room. It had enough to know that some of us are said to be getting too old for this sort of thing, but worse when young people like her gives it up



Miss Scandal.



Miss Embroidery.

for me. But his tears were gathered up and we now are reaping the benefit of them. I hope, Mercy, that your tears will not be lost, for a wise man has said, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'"

Then sang Mercy:

"I often weep to see the sin
And wretchedness that men are in;
My cares all flee, my tears all dry
When faith beholds my home on high."

This world is not my home,
This world is not my home,
This world is not my resting-place,
This world is not my home."

(To be continued.)



Mrs. Embroidery.

before getting old. I heard Mrs. Pilgrim say once that she could join the Salvation Army, but not in our town, and I hear that some Salvationists down in Cornwall dance; so perhaps she has gone where she can join them and dance too. It must be something like that."

By this time Mrs. Pilgrim had started, together with her children, and Mercy.

"I am so glad of your company," said Mrs. P., "and should be still more glad if you would make up your mind to come all the way."

"I should like to," replied Mercy, "but I have not been specially invited, and fear that I would not be received."

Mrs. P.: "Well, Mercy, you are young, and should take my motherly advice. Come with us as far as the garrison, and if we will not receive you, then you may return."

So she agreed, and they went on together. After a while, however, Mercy began to weep.

"What is the matter? Are you feeling sick?" asked Mrs. Pilgrim.

"Ah!" she replied, "when I consider the sad condition of my relations that I have left behind, and how they are prejudiced against the very people that God has sent to help them, it makes me weep."

Mrs. P.: "I can understand your feelings. My husband used to weep



Miss Love-the-Flesh.

WORDS OF WEIGHT.

Growth is the only evidence of life.

All true conversion must begin with the first springs of thought.

The strength of any Party lies in its being true to its theory. Consistency is the life of a movement.

No good can come of a change which is not a development of feelings springing up freely and calmly within the bosom of the whole body itself.

Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the waving of the robes of the angels, whose faces see God.

How easy it is to persuade a man of anything whose numbers affirm it. So great is the force of imagination. Did everyone who met you in the streets look hard at you, you would think you were somehow in fault.

We have a vast inheritance, but no inventor of our treasures. All is given us in profusion; it remains for us to catalogue, sort, distribute, select, harmonize, and complete.

Living movements do not come of committee work. Great ideas worked out through the past, even though it be the penny post. How could men act together, whatever was their zeal, unless they were united in a sort of individuality?

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—James 1. 27.

Daily Readings.

SUNDAY.

The word is true from the beginning; and every one of the righteous judgments endureth forever.—*Ps. cxix.: 160.*

The seaman is a man of faith. No braver man than he who goes down to see God's wonders in the deep. Venturing his frail bark on a sea ploughed by so many keels, but wearling on its bosom the furrows of none, with neither path to follow, nor star to guide, the mariner knows no fear. When the last blue hill has dipped beneath the wave, and he is alone on a shoreless sea, he is calm and confident—his faith in the compass-needle, which, however his ship may turn, or roll, or plunge, ever points him to the north. An example to be followed by the sailor with his Bible; on that faith venturing his all, life, crew, and cargo, he steers his way boldly through darkest nights and stormiest oceans. But nothing but this plank between him and the grave. And, though metaphysicians and divines have involved this matter of faith in mystery, be assured that there is nothing more needed for your salvation or mine than that God would inspire us with a belief in the declaration of His word, as real, heartfelt, and practical as that which we put in the laws of Providence—in the due return of day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest.—*Outhrie.*

MONDAY.

It is impossible but that offences will come: but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.—*Luke xviii.: 1, 2.*

If you put a stone in your neighbor's way you sin; but how if you leave one there?

TUESDAY.

Walk in wisdom toward them that are without.—*Col. iv.: 5.*

Precisely because they are "without" do those within, those who have "fled for refuge" to Christ and are within the *old*, the fortress, the ark, owe them a wise walk, that "if any will not hear the word, they may without the word be won." We owe them such a walk as may tend to bring them in; and if our walk does not seem to them very attractive, small wonder if they prefer to remain where they are. Let us take care least instead of being door-keepers to the house of the Lord, to heckle passers-by and draw them in, to block the doorway and keep them from seeing the wonders within.—*Macfarlan.*

WEDNESDAY.

In the world . . . tribulation; in me . . . peace.—*John xvi.: 33.*

If quiet and peace could only be had by withdrawing from the duties and occupations of active life, then quiet and peace for most of us could never be. It is not in our power to fly to some far and still retreat, where quiet we may escape the evils and trouble of life. And the corner will never be found in this world where peace and evil shall be unknown by human beings. But the peace which the Saviour gives His own is peace of heart and mind amid daily duties. It is that "central peace" which may subsist at the heart of endless agitation.

THURSDAY.

Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you.—*Isa. xxx.: 18.*

Our hearts are naturally of another

BIBLE READINGS FROM JAMAICA

SAMUEL, THE SALVATIONIST.

Eli was a Priest of Israel, who'd got two Satanic sons, Just as many a modern preacher has some unconverted ones; He had failed to make them better, though he did not chide them much—in the present dispensation, we, alas! have many such.

Hannah had no child till Samuel came, as answer to her prayer, When she promised she would "lend him to the Lord," and Eli heard it. And she carried out her promise, and made him some little coats; So he ministered with Eli, where they sacrificed the goats. Then did Hannah get a blessing, and she forthwith sang a Psalm That compared with some of David's, certainly should get the palm.

And it came to pass that Eli, one night, had retired to bed. When the Lord spoke unto Samuel, and the little Junior said, "Thinking it was Eli called him," "I am coming at your call." But when he went, Eli told him that he had not called at all. So he once more took his clothes off, when he heard his name so plain That he rose and went to Eli, saying, "you have called again." "No, I did not," answered Eli, "Go and rest, my boy," said he, "P'raps you've eaten too much supper, so a nightmare's troubling thee."

Yet again the Lord said, "Samuel!" and the lad arose once more, Saying, as he went to Eli, "Now you called me, I am sure!" Then the priest knew God had called him, and he told the youngster so, Saying to him, "Go and listen; He may call again, you know. If He does, you humbly answer, 'Speak, Thy servantareth, Lord.'" So he did, and when God called him, he repeated word for word.

Then the Lord said unto Samuel, "I will do a thing," said He, "That will make the ears of Israel tingle when they hear and see. I will do what I have threatened unto Eli, for his sin In rebuking not his children when they came My house within: I have sworn I will not pardon—go and sleep," Jehovah said, And a solemn silence followed, such as comes when someone's dead.

God had spoken: Samuel slept not, but was wide awake all night, Wondering how he would tell Eli, when should dawn the morning's light. But when Eli called him, "Samuel!" and said, "hide it not from me; Tell me all that God hath spoken—all that He hath shown to thee." Samuel told him all the vision, every word, just as he should. "Tis the Lord," said downcast Eli; "let me do as seemeth good!"

Samuel grew in grace and stature, and the people plainly saw God was really speaking through him, so their hearts were filled with awe. Eli's power was great when he rebuked, none were slain, And the Ark of God was taken, and they brought the tidings plain, Then he fell, his neck was broken, and his daughter in affright, Was delivered of a man-child, and she died that very night. "Ichabod," she said to the baby, "for the glory's gone," she said. "And the Ark of God is taken, and my husband dear is dead!" Then was Samuel made a Major, occupying Eli's place; And the war went on the faster, God supplying needed grace.

May I leave the lessons with you? Yes, I think I will to-day: When the Lord has shown them to you, you may go and have a pray.

—Adj't. Phillips.

temper than to take the Lord's word and repose upon it; and when it is deferred, yea, and cross appearances come in betwixt, yet still firmly to believe and wait for the accomplishment. Yet, if not good reason that we wait for Him, is He not wise enough to choose the fittest times for His own purposes? Well may we wait till He be gracious to us, for He waits to be gracious. He is staying only for the due season; His love is waiting for the time that His wise-dom hath appointed.

FRIDAY.

When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them.—*John x.: 4.*

Here is the beauty and glory of Christ as a Redeemer and Saviour of lost man, that He goes before, always before, and never behind His flock. The works of love that He requires from us in words, are preceded and illustrated by real deeds of love, to which He gave up all His mighty powers from day to day. He commanded us to take up and bear after Him, in all which He is our Shepherd, calling, but never driving; bearing all the losses He calls us to bear;

meeting all the dangers, suffering all the cruelties and pains which it gives us to suffer, and drawing us to follow where He leads.

SATURDAY.

If we suffer we shall also reign with Him.—*II. Tim. II.: 12.*

Every Calvary has an Olivet. To every place of crucifixion there is likewise a place of ascension. The sun that was shrouded is unveiled, and Heaven opens with hopes eternal to the soul which was nigh unto despair.

Shadows prove the sun is shining.

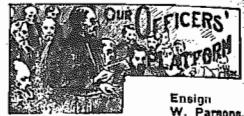
God's will is the very perfection of all reason.

Nothing would be a lesson to us if it did not come too late.—*George Eliot.*

A holy life-walk is the outcome of holy steps.

Sensible people judge a man not so much by his position as by the manner in which he fills it.

A self-righteous man is like an eel. When you catch them and take them off the hook they slip through your fingers.



REMEMBER THE NAME.

Carelessly looking over a piece of paper, I noticed the words, "Remember the name," and at once an impression was made upon my mind. The manufacturing company of that certain article wanted even the world at large to remember the name, and think of it as the best article going for its use, and they sought to make it known, and spread its name broadcast over the world, that it had no equal. In connection with the above, my mind naturally gravitated to the meaning of the 21st and 25th verses of the 1st of St. Matthew's Gospel, "And they called His name Jesus," for no other purpose than "that He should save His people from their sins." His name stands out superior to every other name." For at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, whether of things in heaven or of things on the earth. "There are many names spoken of on earth." Often it is because they have done some brave and noble deed, and their name has been put on the pages of history, and they stand out most prominently. Then there is another name, a gentle name, a precious name, a lovely name, recurring in the Bible. How prominently it stands out, and the light from it shines out more brilliant and precious than from any other name the world has ever known. His life was one of suffering and shame. He was mocked, derided, spit upon, and robbed even of His own garments; suffered most intensely; His name was a by-word for the hooting, yelling, mocking, cruel, blood-thirsty crowd who continually clamored for His life; but He conquered, He overcame. He triumphed even in death, and His name is an household word. They mocked at it, they beat it, and reviled it more than any other. They say that faith in His name has brought peace, joy, comfort, satisfaction, contentment and liberty to their poor burdened souls. Day by day they love and cherish it. Not only men on earth, but millions of the redeemed in the eternal world, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, praise and hold His name in adoration. Rob the Bible of that name, "Jesus," and you rob it of its brightest, dearest, and best treasure. From that moment it becomes a dead letter. That name Jesus has cheered many of our comrades and loved ones as they passed into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. History tells of thousands of faithful men who, in the moment of testing, sealed their testimony with their blood, because they held dear the precious name of Jesus. Oh, that men who are away from Jesus Christ, and don't love Him, would only think of His name as their only hope for heaven. Poor, weary heart, broken by the sorrows, sins, griefs, misery, wretchedness and bereavements of life, think of His precious name. Let the name to sinners give. Think on it, reflect on it, stand over it, then allow His name a place in your heart. Remember it in life and it will be precious to you in death. Its influence will follow you through the dark valley, and will present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. Therefore, with a heart in touch with God and perishing humanity, I would urge upon saint and sinner to make much of and remember the name of Jesus.

Every-Day Religion.

BY THE GENERAL

TRADE.

Some of my readers will, doubtless, be engaged in trade, either as shopkeepers, factory owners, masters, mechanics, farmers, or in some other class of business, which will devolve upon them the duty of buying or selling goods of various descriptions.

So that I do not feel that I can pass by the subject; and yet, I must say, that I am not very confident that anything I can write will exercise any wide influence upon the matter. However, I will venture a few counsels, and will try and make them—as we sometimes say with respect to our talking—short and to the point.

COUNSELS.

My first piece of advice to the tradesman, whosoever you may be, or whatever business you may have started, or be contemplating starting, is—

I do not have anything to do with any form of trade on which you can not ask, and expect to receive the blessing of Almighty God. That will shut you out of any kind of business that is based upon injustice or falsehood, or which can only prosper by trespassing upon the interests of your fellow-men. God is just; God is truth; God is benevolent, and you cannot expect Him to give His approval or bestow His blessing on a trade or profession that is unjust in its character, which violates the simple truth in its maintenance, or which can only succeed by inflicting injury on those whom He loves. You might as well expect Him to bless and prosper the work of the devil as to do anything of the kind.

A TEST QUESTION.

When, therefore, you are considering a trade for yourself or for your children, ask yourself the question: "Can I stand in this shop, or go about these fields, or manage this factory, or do my buying and selling, as truly in the spirit of prayer and faith as I take my place in the open-air, or stand up to give my testimony in the barracks? If not, I will have nothing to do with it."

I know that such a resolution, or the carrying out of such advice, will shut you out of many trades and professions, as they are conducted in the present day. In conversation on the character of the different commercial and business methods now prevalent, a gentleman said to me a little time back, "I have had great experience in different countries in the way of business, and exceptional opportunities for judging the character of the men with whom those engaged in its direction, and I have come to the conclusion that there is no trade or profession that is not dependent for its existence and prosperity, more or less, on fraud and falsehood." That was a sweeping charge, but he was a thoughtful, and, I should think, a very trustworthy authority.

NO DIVORCE OF RELIGION FROM BUSINESS.

Still, I think this gentleman's opinion was a great exaggeration. There must be a large number—may we hope the majority?—of businesses whose directors, while not claiming to be actuated by religious principles, would scorn anything like willful injustice or positive misrepresentation. But, then, there are other businesses which, if not like the makers and sellers of prostitutes, whose fortunes are acquired in exchange for the bodies and souls of men, yet only live and thrive by ministering to the weaknesses, vices, and villainies of men. What Salvationist would like to earn a livelihood in such a fashion? Resolve, therefore, I say, that your business shall be a part of your Salvation, and that you will have no pressing concerns, however promising of money, or anything else they may be, that will prevent you, as far as religious on Monday, as on Sunday, or as prayerful and believing in trade as you are in your barracks.

2. Be just—that is, truthful, honest, and honorable in all your business transactions. Be truthful; as good as your word. If people find that they can rely upon your word about the things you sell, or the work you do; if they find that you are upright, and do not cheat and deceive them; that you are honorable, and do not take advantage of their ignorance, they will be pleased to have dealings with you, and will recommend their neighbors and friends to do the same. Honesty, in both word and deed, has usually been found to be the best policy in the long run; and if it does not pay as far as the world goes, your heavenly Father will see that it does in the next.

THE BLESSING OF DOING RIGHT.

What I have said in a previous paper about doing good work, I recommend to the consideration of all who may be either engaged in business or contemplating entering into it.

The advice then given simply comes to this: "Do the right thing in your business transactions; if it is profitable or otherwise, and always do it." Do right if the heavens fall; do right, and prosper. Refuse to do it and perish, though all the inhabitants of earth and hell unitedly swear to the contrary.

If people ask you if your prints will keep their colors in washing, and you know they will not, tell them so. If they are buying eatables, or medicines, thinking they are pure when you know they are not, tell them that they are not. If you are a manufacturer, and you are selling to a customer a sealing a horse that has a blemish, point it out to your customer; whether he buys the animal or not is not your responsibility, but you are responsible for doing right, and thereby keeping clear of sin, and John tells us that "all unrighteousness is sin." What is the consequence of selling or not selling your horse in comparison with going to bed with that woman you conceive?—Well, go to bed in the middle of the night to find the bony fingers of death gathering up your heart-strings, in order that he may carry you away to the Great White Throne to answer for that deception?

(To be continued.)

Our Territorial Leaders.

COMMISSIONER MCALONAN, SWEDEN'S NEW COMMANDER.

COMMISSIONER MCALONAN, as he is generally known by this time, without the brough—He has Irish grey eyes, and dark hair, and he is not easily provoked; indeed, he has an extra share of the Irishman's proverbial good-humor. His first recollection is, as those who know him will probably judge, of stars shining brightly above his head, with a fear that they might fall upon him. From that time, however, he has had a happy knack of looking upward, and of seeing the bright side of things. The bustling village in which the Commissioner was brought up, went to school, and became a Salvationist, has the honor of being the only town—that's Irish, I suppose—that has thus produced two Salvation Army Commissioners.

Boyd Days.

A jolly, rollicking boy, full of fun and high spirits, fond of cricket and athletic games, yet he was equal to playing truant occasionally. The love of books did not save him from this boisterous complaint, nor did it prevent him from being twice nearly drowned.

His mother's ambition for him was that he should be a preacher, but she preferred that he should go to business. So to business he went, entering the offices of a large linen works.

The Army was, of course, then unknown, and his parents could not guess that they were both to have their way with their son. It would hardly be fair to repeat here what pranks young McAlanon had, with other youths, while indulged in under Mr. (now Captain) Boyd. Captain Boyd, it is said, had a hairy knuck of drawing out of a man at the critical moment, and had sufficient foresight to know that youths generally finished up their fun by being brought to the carpet. He was cut enough to know when it was time to retreat.

He Becomes a Salvationist.

In other circumstances he would probably have settled down to the work of a counting-house.

Just when he was making some progress, however, the Army—that strange Army, which was to take him away from his native town, and change the whole course of his life—came along. What there was in it that especially appealed to him he would difficultly in stating; yet it was clear that he was won over, and saw, even before he went to the pentitent form, that it was the thing for him; indeed, he even settled the question of officerhood, for, as he says, "I saw that I was to be an officer."

As the Commissioner is at reading other people, would you believe it,

he finds the greatest difficulty in expressing the mental exercises of his thoughts, time, and in analyzing his thoughts. Of one thing, however, he was persuaded—he was called to the work.

I had an idea that he was always ambitious, but he denies the impeachment. Desire for knowledge he certainly had, and also desire to excel; but it was not until he was converted, and got, as he puts it, "a new head, as well as a new heart," that his ambitions were really stirred. Religion held him seriously. He felt the soberness, the seriousness, the weight of that something came upon him, and he was changed—it seemed in a day—from youth to manhood. The responsibility of man's estate came upon him suddenly and almost in a moment. No sooner did he know that he was saved than he placed himself alongside the biggest and the oldest soldier in the corps. It was, in fact, more as a teacher than anything else that he took his stand as a Salvationist. Had you, at that time, seen McAlanon in the imperfectly-lighted streets of Ligoniel—for so the village is named—you would have seen a group of Salvationists under a lamp-post, and you would have heard a vigorous, youthful voice giving out in well-rounded sentences the words of a song, without the aid of a book. A good memory is better than riches to a Salvationist; and he was rich in the possession our young friend was in. In a short while, he came up to London, and entered the Training Homes at Clapton.

In the Training Home.

When the Commissioner had carried me thus far through his story, I wondered whether he had ever had any temptations, any struggles; whether he ever fought with lions, with himself, or, for the matter of that, with anybody else. I was soon enlightened. When a Cadet Commissioner McAlanon drew the line at greasy soup plates; War Cry selling, and scrubbing he had heard tell of, but washing greasy dishes, ah, that was the rub. Periodically he should say it wasn't the rub. The memory of it seemed vivid. He should judge it was about the severest temptation he had ever had to face, because it brought him perilously near defeat and retreat. How did he come through? He said to himself, "I have made up my mind to be an officer, and an officer I will be." It was easier for him to think, and he repeated his conclusion, that the rub came when the dishes were washed.

His Training Home days were not so much days of filling, as days of emptying. It was quite a new thing to have to subordinate oneself to the good of others, and it was sometimes



Commissioner McAlanon.

hard and trying. Then Cadet McAlanon had his own ideas of officership, and had a lofty ideal, hard of attainment. He considered that if he became a Lieutenant at such a corps as Bristol Circus, he would be burdened with a creature. Judge, then, the surprise when one day he took his hat aside, and said, "McAlanon, I am going to send you to assist Major Taylor at the Manchester Divisional Headquarters." The shock and the responsibility took his breath away, and left him speechless.

His Early Appointments.

Commissioner McAlanon's first appointment, therefore, was as A.D.C. to Major (now Colonel) Taylor, and he followed the late Colonel Barlow. The young A.D.C.'s first battles will recall many striking incidents to old-time Salvationists who may read this sketch. The Salvation Army had just commenced to fill the world with its name and songs. Everybody was anxious to see "it," or to see some of its soldiers. At a meeting in Bolton, for instance, thousands of people filled the streets, and fifteen ineffective Salvationists were guarded by three dozen policemen. There were 100 penitents in the Sunday morning meeting, and thirty at night. At Warrington, again, the Mayor, afraid of a riot, had the hills announcing the Army's advent pasted over with newspapers, leaving only the top and bottom lines. As these read:—

"STORMING OF WARRINGTON," "MOUNTED GUNS IN THE FAIR," the remedy was worse than the disease.

After Manchester he was made a Divisional Officer, and later, for seven years, stood by the staff at Cheltenham, serving under his old chief, Commissioner Carleton. Of these appointments we cannot here speak.

How He was Made.

I do not know who will take to themselves credit for having "made" Commissioner McAlanon. Usually, when a man is successful, there are plenty of people who are ready to claim some share of his making. When it is the other way, well, they are not quite so prompt to assume responsibility. The Commissioner has, I should say, been largely instrumental in making himself. He has deep love for God and for Divine things, and he is never so much at home as when proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ and His salvation, and when listening to the soul-troubles of those who are in difficulty or distress. He is easily approached, sympathetic, and brotherly. Having put his hand to the plough, he has not looked back, and he will tell you that in all his Army service, he has endeavored to observe the apostle's command to think no evil, but to put the best possible construction upon the actions and intentions of others.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that he is popular with the confidence of his leaders and the affection of his comrades, especially of those who have the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with him?

His New Appointment.

Of his appointment to Sweden the Commissioner speaks in the most enthusiastic terms. His heart has already gone out to his Swedish comrades, who will find him not only a Kommandor, but a comrade as well. By his kindly disposition, he will, we are sure, quickly win his way to their affections, and under his direction our Swedish forces will march on faster than ever.



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RED-HOT REVIVALISTS AT HAMILTON

(Special.)

Grand start to our special ten days' campaign at Hamilton 1. Congregations and offerings largely exceeding 16 seekers, a number of them going to be soldiers. Officers, band, and soldiers with us pushing the war. Great expectations for the Chief Secretary's special visit next week-end. Brigadier Pugmire.

RIVERSIDE CORPS' BIG DAY.

Anniversary of Opening of New Barracks.

Bright, brisk, and breezy, at 7 a.m. Major Pickering sounded the note for the day. It was a lovely feast.

The holiness meeting was soul-searching. What with Staff-Captain Stanton's solo, "When out of touch with Jesus," and Major and Mrs. Pickering's talk on "Active Christianity," one felt that God and heaven was near. Two souls.

Afternoon and night reinforcements. Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, Major and Mrs. Horn, Ballie Gordon (father of Mrs. Colonel Jacobs), who gave us a real stirring address on the Acts of the Apostles.

At night one could not help but feel that the Colonel's address was God-inspired. The Chief Secretary spoke as a prophet of God. The people crowded into the hall until not a seat was vacant, and they felt the effects of soul-piercing truths, denouncing sin, and also showing the results of a Christ-rejecter.

The first penitent was a backslider, brought by the Colonel, soon followed by Mrs. Jacobs, bringing her own seven-year-old daughter. There at the Mercy Seat mingled child's penitent tears of deep sorrow and the mother's tears of joy.

The inspiration of the Chief Secretary's visit to the officers and soldiers of the corps was deeply appreciated, and also the corps was substantially helped financially by the week-end's meetings.

The South African Situation.

Lord Milner has arrived in Cape Town, and delivered a speech, which was favorably received by the press. His arrival is a signal for the northern movement of refugees to Johannesburg.

The representatives of the Boer cause in Europe are still persisting in their efforts to persuade the great powers to move on their behalf.

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Diplomatic relations have been suspended between France and Turkey, and it is reported that the Sultan will go to war rather than yield to unreasonable demands; that he is studying plans for defence, and that he has

Territorial Newslets

On Sunday, 29th Inst., the Commissioner contemplates conducting two great meetings in the Horticultural Pavilion, Toronto.

Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Head has sailed for home, and before these lines are in print will again be in our midst.

Taking advantage of the holiday rates, Major Pickering met his officers in Council, on Monday and Tuesday last. Many important matters were discussed. The officers were full of faith for the approaching Harvest Festival.

We regret to learn of the serious illness of Mrs. Major Hargrave. Mrs. Hargrave has been suffering from gastritis and peritonitis, and for a time her recovery was doubtful. We are pleased to say that the crisis is past, and there is every prospect of recovery.

Spokane corps has just celebrated its tenth anniversary. The anniversary demonstration was conducted by the P.O. and Chancellor.

The marriage of Adj't Burrows and Capt. Bowers, performed by the Chief Secretary, at the Temple, was a pleasant affair. The demonstration was a grand success in point of good crowd and finance.

The special program at the Temple this week is proving a great attraction. Sunday's crowds were magnificent, and the week-night meetings so far have been much above the average.

Ensign Pugh is down with typhoid fever, at Picton. We extend to both the Ensign and Mrs. Pugh our sympathy.

Capt. Susie French has joined the Capt. Susie French of the War Cry Brigade, and booms the Cry in the hotels of Toronto.



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Ten miners were entombed in the Donibristol Colliery, in Porthshire, and a rescue part of four are also supposed to have perished.

The Empress Frederick of Germany left a fortune of 11,000,000 marks.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, mother of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Collector-General, is dangerously ill.

Superintendent Charleton reports that the Yukon telegraph line will be completed to Dawson by September 15th.

Li Hung Chang has notified the Powers that the Chinese plenipotentiaries have been authorized to sign the protocol.

Colonel Otter recommends to the Government that the parade of troops, on the occasion of the royal visit, to take place in Exhibition Park, Toronto.

The Wolverine Beet Sugar Company, of Benton Harbor, Mich., has failed on account of inability to secure enough beets to run the factory.

The Government will probably accede to the demand for an enquiry into the loss of the steamer Islander, and appoint three commissioners to conduct it.

The C.P.R. is building a branch line from Carleton Place to Sharbot Lake, by which the distance between Toronto and Ottawa will be reduced by about thirty miles.

The C.P.R. trackmen's strike has been settled.

It is reported at Halifax that Swan and Hunter, the great English ship builders, are to establish a branch at Sydney, C.B.

Engineer W. W. Jones, of Toronto Junction, ran his train into the rear of a freight, at Guelph Junction, and was fatally injured.

Mr. Wm. McKenzie, who is at present in Ottawa, expects the through line of the Canadian Northern between Winnipeg and Port Arthur to be complete in about two weeks.

Port Colborne has carried a by-law to spend fifteen thousand dollars in concrete walks.

The new British cruiser, Bedford, was launched at Glasgow, and the battleship, Exmouth, at Birkenhead.

Considerably over two inches of rain fell in Toronto on Saturday—more than for all of August up till that time.

A German coaling station has been established in the Farsan, or Kermeh, group of islands in the Red Sea.

Electric motors are taking the place of steam engines on the Cascade division of the Great Northern Railway.

Hon. J. D. Greene, Ex-Premier of Newfoundland, says there is a strong element in the colony in favor of federation with the Dominion.

The excursion steamer Alert, and the steamer Sunbeam collided in Clea Lake, near Peterboro. The Alert was sunk, but all on board were saved.

The Catholic School Trustees, of Winnipeg, have accepted the terms of the Public School Board, and the Separate Schools will be merged into the Public School system.

At Basco, Montana, a train broke, and eighteen cars ran down hill into a passenger train. A terrible accident ensued, in which about thirty persons were killed and burned up with the wreck.

It is reported that King Edward will confer a dukedom on Lord Salisbury at the coronation.

Andrew Carnegie has presented the sum of one hundred pounds to each of the four heroes of the colliery disaster at Donibristol, Scotland.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."—Matt. x. 8.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. . . Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. As we have, therefore, opportunity let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."—Gal. vi. 7-10.



GREAT BRITAIN.

The chief task upon the General's heart and mind during the past few days has been the preparation for the great State Councils, which were to have taken place on the 1st of August. The General is at present in first-rate form, even excellent fighting form, at once one of the surest signs of the favor of God towards our leader.

The Children's Messengers Bill, for the prevention of liquor selling to minors, has just been passed by the British Parliament. This is a glorious triumph, and the War Cry, Social Gazette, and Young Soldier, who have aided in championing this noble cause, are entitled to our heartiest congratulations. By this decision of Parliament, the public-houses of England are branded as unfit for children to visit. It adds one more nail in the coffin of the drink traffic.

Commissioner Cadman, as the General's representative, has just conducted a mighty (Bank Holiday) demonstration at Mount Edgecombe Park. It is estimated that over eleven thousand people were present, and in the great march past many phases of Army work were represented.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Leicestershire have consented to preside at Mrs. Booth's meeting, to be held in that city in October next. The Mayor of Portsmouth will take the chair at Mrs. Booth's forthcoming meeting in that town.

Commissioner Coombs, with foresight, and by methods and aids that are acknowledged as distinctly ahead of last year's, has sent forth a Harvest Thanksgiving Plan of Campaign, and the Divisional and Field Officers have accepted it in the spirit of a quiet assurance that it will go.

Owing to a change in certain plans, which the British Commissioner has intended to carry through, the farewells of Lieut-Colonel Ogden and Brigadier Emerson have been postponed.

Lieut-Colonel Cozens, of America, is still resting in England.

The Hon. Secretary-General of the British Congress on Tuberculosis (McLean Morris, Esq. F.R.C.S.) and Staff-Capt. (Dr.) Hart, who was present as the Army's representative at the Congress, says: "The main object is to arouse public opinion; and the mere fact that a large organization like yours is prepared to co-operate is to me one of the greatest results of the movement. We must keep before us the dangers of spitting, over-crowding, or alcohol drinking; and, indeed, everything that tends to deteriorate the body and lay it open to the attack of the bacillus of tuberculosis."

Commissioner and Mrs. McAlonan are taking a short furlough before proceeding to Sweden.

Major Moritz, of the Shipping Department, is busy with the numerous applications received from those who desire to go to Canada to join the army of sixty thousand laborers required to gather in the unprecedented harvest.

Among the recent captures at Cradley Heath was a girl of thirteen years and a woman of eighty-four years. Kneeling together they would have made an excellent picture for the War Cry.

Major Slater states that the whole of the Christmas Band Music is already copied for despatch to the printers. It will be different from any

previous issue, and will include all the Christmas favorites, which have been arranged in low keys, to make them suitable for night playing and to prevent unnecessary fatigue. By this arrangement, too, a big band will not be an absolute necessity.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The situation in South Africa must be very trying indeed to Commissioner Kilbey and his officers. The condition of Cape Town is almost alarming, owing to the frequent robberies and murders that are perpetrated by the scum of society, who have drifted down from England. It is no serious, indeed, that the authorities are importing police from England. Let us pray for South Africa.

Commissioner Kilbey has just completed a tour of 3,500 miles, traveling by sea, railway, wagon, horse, and bicycle. He has accomplished afeat of no mean order.

An illustrated and descriptive report of the Social and Rescue Work of the Salvation Army in South Africa, entitled "Unshackled," has just been published.

Mrs. Commissioner Kilbey attended a select garden party at Government House, at the invitation of Lady Holy-Hutchinson. The primary object of the gathering was to draw together the representatives of all the charitable societies in Cape Town for mutual benefit. The gathering was an immense success.

The Rondebosch Social Farm, under the direction of Major Lotz, has succeeded in taking off 70 prizes and recognition in the Annual poultry Show in Cape Town, opened by His Excellency the Governor in person. The following represent the prizes: Special prize, 1; 1st Prizes, 16; 2nd Prizes, 15; 3rd Prizes, 17; Very highly recommended, 12; Highly recommended, 6; Commended, 9.

INDIA.

There is brighter news from the Gujarat Land Colony. Rain has fallen. Some of the fields will have to be resown, and there will be a set-back

owing to the drought. But the result, on the whole, will be better than anticipated.

Brigadier Jayi Kodi, of Ceylon, is full of hope concerning the prospects of the dairy, completed with the Prison Gate House at Colombo. The jail, the jail hospital, and the Lady Havelock Hospital are among the places supplied from the dairy.

Most of the members of the Indian party who are shortly to visit England have been chosen. Preparations for the tour are in progress.

Brigadier Yesu Ratnam states that the Government has appointed him as Marriage Registrar, with power to marry British subjects living in Travancore.

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

The funeral of Capt. H. Gertach, in Zurich, was conducted by Commissioner Railton. More than one thousand, some say two thousand, attended. At the end of the service the Commissioner held an open-air meeting. Many answered the call and came to Christ. Once more death was the cause of spiritual death.

The superior authorities of two important Swiss cantons have cancelled many decrees and by-laws passed by municipal corporations forbidding our officers the sale of War Crys in bar-rooms. This is a real victory for the Army.

A special campaign is being conducted in Switzerland by two experienced officers. They travel from place to place with a large and commodious tent, and wherever they go they gather immense crowds, eager to hear the good news of salvation.

Adjt. Chapouaud, formerly of the Montreal French corps, is in charge of the Rescue Home Work in Paris.

Through our agency for tracing missing persons, two remarkable cases have been worked out on the French Territory. In both cases the missing persons were converted in the Salvation Army barracks. Salvation and the penitent form proved to be a means of uniting families.

Many Parisian newspapers, La Fronde more particularly, have interviewed Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, and published lengthy articles on our Social Work. Many of the papers take an active interest in our new departure in opening a hotelerie for women.

Adjt. Robert, well-known in Mont-real circles, took an active part in a council of war held in Paris a few weeks ago.

WEST INDIES.

The West Indies are coming to the front as a Territory, since the work there is making rapid advances. The new Training system is creating a superior order of officers, which will undoubtedly accomplish superb work. Brigadier Gale is to be congratulated on the promising forward march which this Territory is just experiencing.

The D.O.'s in Jamaica have been unable to go round their respective Divisions lately, in consequence of great floods. The weather has been extremely trying, and fever prevalent.

The opening of Trinidad, St. Lucia, and Grenada, are the first-fruits of the forward policy which the formation of the West Indian Territory foreshadowed.

"Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion against him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."—I. John iii. 17-18.



Kirkstall Abbey, England.

North-West Breezes.

Major Southall Meets His Officers in Council at Winnipeg.

The Watchman, a spicy little paper published by Major Southall, for private distribution among the officers of the North-West Province, gives the following particulars of the Winnipeg councils:

The halloow season enjoyed by the officers who were privileged to attend the Provincial Council is past, but the influence of the first councils held in the West in the new century will live on, and manifest itself in increasing results. Like the ripple, small at the beginning, but keeps widening until it laves the distant shores; so will the increased light and inspiration received cause the influence and effort of our lives to go out in increasing usefulness until it reaches the shores of eternity, when we trust the sum total will be of that character, when God shall measure it up, that shall bring to each one of us the "Well done!"

About

Seventy Officers Were Present

at the Councils, which could hardly be eclipsed for power and liberty. A welcome to the officers took place on Tuesday afternoon, the very appropriate subject being "The return of the seventy." A united officers' and soldiers' council occupied Tuesday evening, the theme of the meeting being "Co-workers with God."

Wednesday was devoted exclusively to the officers' councils, three sessions being held, and on Thursday morning and afternoon the officers again met. There was a general review of our work, every branch of the same being thoroughly dealt with by the P.O. Major Southall. Mrs. Southall spoke on the J.S. war—its difficulties, the remedy, and of the growing importance of our children's work. The Chancellor gave

Some Starting Statistics

on corps advancement. The J.S. work received particular attention. One corps was instanced, and highly com-

mended for its all-round advancement. It had nearly doubled on its last year's figures, and was now in the lead. This was a powerful argument, showing what could be done when the work is properly handled. The P.O.'s address on "Esa's Birthright," in the last session, brought much blessing to every heart, and we believe many dark hungry souls will be helped throughout the province as a result of the heart-searching character of these councils.

As a fitting conclusion to these gatherings, there was

A Great Public Demonstration

and commissioning of officers, also the wedding of Captains Swain and Wick on Thursday night. About 40 officers were affected by this change, and have gone to their new appointments with renewed zeal to fight against the powers of darkness. Lieutenants Dunster, Hargen, and Potter were promoted to the rank of captain, and Cadets Willey and Irwin to Pro-Lieutenant.

Close attention and great interest was manifested throughout the councils by every officer, and many have already written of the blessing and inspiration these meetings have proven to them.

Souls Getting Saved.

Laramore—Since last report things have been going ahead here. Souls are getting saved, the attendance is keeping up, and marches have increased. Conviction is deepening in many hearts, and we are believing for greater victories. We are getting ready for H. F. Keep your eye on us.—Wm. L. Sitter, S.M.

Building a Barracks.

Calgary—We have just moved into a new, or rather an old, building, which we will call our barracks and officers' quarters until we get our new barracks built. The meetings are being well attended, especially the open-air, and people are very kindly disposed to the Army. Many are convicted by the Spirit of God, and we are believing for their conversion. We have our new officers with us. God bless them. They are real blood-and-fire, and their whole aim is to advance the Kingdom of God.

EASTERN FLASHLIGHTS

BY THE CHANCELLOR.

The P.O. and Chancellor have just completed a trip through the Yarmouth section of the St. John District.

The St. John Quintet accompanied them to Digby and Bear River.

The musical efforts of the troupe on board the Prince Rupert were acknowledged by a voluntary collection given by the passengers.

Capt. Netting and her Lieutenant were wreathed in smiles on our arrival at Digby.

A good bazaar was held in the afternoon, many of the visitors stood and listened, and responded with a liberal collection. The night meeting in the Methodist school-room was very successful. We left Capt. Netting and her soldiers nearly eleven dollars richer, and rejoiced over two souls.

A drive of nine miles after the meeting brought us to Bear River, where we were billeted for the night.

Our visit here was a splendid success from start to finish. The crowd in the open-air was magnificent. The Quintet took well. A well-packed crowd greeted

us in the barracks. One of the best meetings ever held in this place followed. The crowd was fairly captured with the musical program, and the Brigadier's Bible reading was a fitting climax to the night. A well-fought meeting ended with three souls. Capt. Ryan is in for victory.

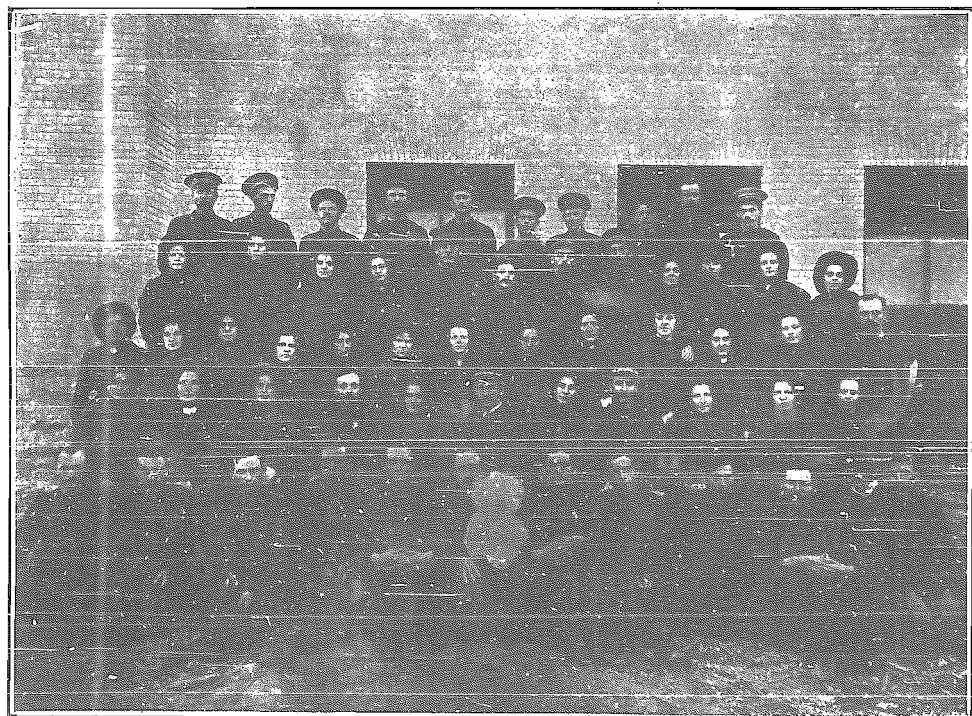
The St. John contingent returned home from Bear River, while the

Provincial Staff journeyed on to Yarmouth for the weakened, where they found Capt. Laws and her Cadets full of faith for the campaign. Yarmouth continued to progress. It was a fine series of meetings—financial and otherwise. A number of new ones came forward in the various meetings.

Clark's Harbor is all right when you can get there. We managed to arrive in a good state of preservation, and held a splendid meeting, but to return was a power—no boat, and announced for Yarmouth the next night. We resolved ourselves into a Ways and Means Committee right off, and found the only solution to the problem worked out something like the following: Drive some eight miles around the island, row across a passage, drive another eighteen miles, catch a boat at Seven Islands, and ride nearly thirty miles. Good we found it. We are not the kind to be beaten, consequently 2 a.m. found us wading our way over the first eight miles. We succeeded in getting a man out of bed to row us across to the mainland, into whose tender care we committed ourselves (not without some misgivings in the writer's mind, who entered into a lively conversation, asking a hundred and one questions—pertinent and otherwise—just to keep his courage up) and in the grey light of the breaking dawn we made the opposite shore. Here we managed to make connections again and started on the third stage of our journey. A rapid consultation of the keepers disclosed the fact that we had not a moment to lose. The Ivory-man's last injunction to Joe (Joe was the driver) was to be sure and land us at the station on time, which that worthy disciple of Jehu did, with a few minutes to spare. The last stage was comparatively easy, but when Yarmouth was reached.

Freeport next claimed the attention of the P.O. and staff. We were delighted with this little place. A large crowd welcomed us, and a nice meeting was had. One gentleman congratulated the Brigadier on his excellent exposition of the lesson, which was full of force and application.

We arrived at P.H.Q. looking for weather-heated beds, but nevertheless ready and fit for anything. We had some dozen souls, and good finances.



OFFICERS OF THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCE WHO MET IN COUNCIL AT WINNIPEG, MAN.

FROM CORPS' AND CAMPS.

The Sisters Took Charge.

Belleville.—We are having good meetings, God is at work in our midst, and things in general are on the move. The sisters took charge of the meeting on Saturday night. We had a glorious open-air and inside meeting on Sunday night. Capt. Welt read of Samuel's backsplash. Although no one yielded, we believe good seed was sown, and we are going to accomplish great things in the strength of Jesus. —R. C.

Repairing the Barracks.

Blenheim.—Capt. Groombridge and Lieut. Fennacy have been cleaning house and moving into new quarters. Preparations are in hand for repairing the barracks, and we expect to be more comfortable this coming winter, as well as better in appearance. The Captain is an adept at appealing for the collection, as well as an interesting speaker. He tells the people how much money he wants and gets it. Harvest festival is coming up, and our target is more than double that of any previous year, but we mean to get it. We were favored with a visit from Mrs. Beasley, of Sarnia, formerly Capt. Fisher, who was stationed here nine years ago. She sang a solo and led the testimonies. The Captain's introductory speech was, "Oh, that I were as in months past!" We had a grand meeting at night, and a soul-refreshing time.—Ins. Groom.

Hallelujah Wedding.

Bowmanville.—We are having good meetings here. The Hallelujah Wedding came off all right. Bro. Gable and Mrs. George were the happy couple. Staff-Capt. Stanyon did his part well. D. C. Brant was here and assisted in the meeting, also Captain Gross, from Cobourg. Everyone was pleased with the service.—R. A. B. S.

The Lantern Service Interesting.

Bridgewater, N.S.—On Friday evening Ensign Parker, with his magic lantern and Capt. McWilliams, from Lunenburg, were with us. The service was very instructive and interesting. A nice crowd was present and the best of order prevailed. Everybody was well pleased. Since last report a young man has been saved. He is doing well, and comes on the platform and march. Many are convicted of their sins.—Reporter.

8½ Miles to Knee-Drill.

Burk's Falls.—We had a double barrelled meeting on Sunday. The Methodist Church being under repairs, the minister, Mr. Lee, asked and obtained permission to hold their morning and evening service in our hall. We had knee-drill at the usual hour, with fourteen present, some of the soldiers and converts coming six miles to be present. At the church service the minister preached a grand salva-

tion sermon. We held a free-and-easy at 3 p.m., children's meeting between 4 and 5, and had a church service again at night. The Captain and Lieutenant sat on the platform beside the minister, and after the sermon was done we had a good prayer meeting. Many of the church congregation added their testimonies with ours, and we had a glorious time. The minister remained through the prayer meeting, and the devil's kingdom had a great shaking up.—G. M.

Four Souls—Hall H. F.I.

Butte is usually considered a little hard, but God's power is the same here as in other places. Four souls sought and found salvation during the past week, and are taking their stand for God. The Army has many dear and good friends here. One party has just made up \$80 for the corps. Officers and soldiers held Harvest Festival with gladness. Success is sure.—Capt. Southall.

Many Souls Sought Salvation.

Newcastle, N.B.—Since last report Capt. Brown has farewelled. He stay with us is one to be remembered, when many precious souls sought salvation. Our prayer is that God may bless and give her victory wherever she may go. On Monday and Tuesday night we had a visit from our worthy D.O., Ensign Williams, with his wife and two children. We were very much pleased to see them.

On Saturday night we welcomed our new officers, Capt. G. P. and Mrs. Thompson. There is some strong talk of starting a small band here. We will keep believing at any rate. Corps-Cadet Colwell is also assisting here.—Tommy Jones.

Many Were Deeply Convicted.

Omemeek.—Although the weather is very warm, and crowds are small, we are determined to go on in Jesus' name. Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. God came very near and

had good attendance, good attention, good collections, and excellent music. We are believing for greater results soon. Capt. Quist was called home in the midst of the meetings to the sickbed of his father. We hope he will be back soon. We are going into H.F. with all our might.—W. R. A., Lieut.

Packed to the Doors.

Riverside.—On Thursday evening we had a social. Adjt. Creighton led the salvation meeting, and Adjt. Dowell field was also present. The hall was packed to the doors. On Sunday we had the Ibbotson Family, which was the means of bringing a good crowd. We wound up with a sermon from the Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. Laker. We give them all a hearty invitation back again.—Corps-Cadet McCarney.

From the Isle of Somewhere.

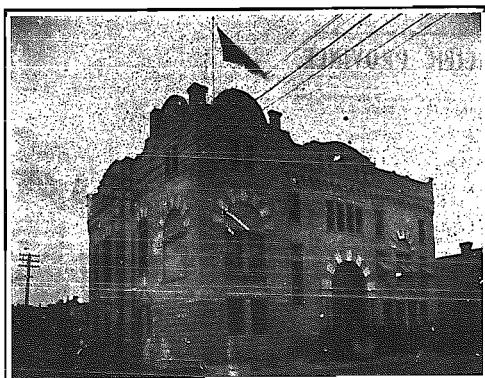
The past week has been a glorious one. Mrs. Ensign Gosling was with us on Sunday night, and had the pleasure of enrolling three, who are taking the stand to fight for God. The Bible lesson was deep and to the point. On Monday night we welcomed Major and Mrs. Smeeton, and Ensigns Welch and Gosling. The Major gave us a lantern service. The barracks was packed and the income was \$9. The meeting was the talk of the town.—Capt. Moulton.

Somewhere, Ah! Yes, Somewhere!

On Saturday and Sunday last we were favored with a visit from Brigadier Sharp and Adjt. Dowell. Saturday night the rain came down in torrents, but a fair crowd assembled, and all went away satisfied and not sorry for having faced the storm. Sunday morning the sun shone bright and clear, and the people gathered for knee-drill. The meetings all day were well attended, and at night two yielded to the stirrings of God's Spirit and came out for salvation. On Monday the officers and soldiers went over to Bedeque to enjoy an afternoon, and were met at the wharf by Capt. Muttar, who piloted them to the grounds, where all was in readiness. Everybody came home happy. The meetings during the week have been led by Ensign Smeeton, who has been visiting here. Capt. Hiscock has gone on a much-needed furlough, but expects to be back in time to smash her Harvest Festival target.—Onlooker.

Three Month's Wanderings.

St. John's III.—Since last report a brother has been saved who was a backslider for over three months. God bless him. There seems to be much conviction in our meetings, and we are sure of a smash in the devil's ranks soon. Capt. Hiscock is in charge yet. She is the right woman in the right place.—Lieut. Wiltshire.



Winnipeg Citadel—The Gathering of Officers for Council.

Two Days' Special Meetings.

Chatham, N.B.—The past week has been one of special interest and blessing. Ensign Williams and family were with us for two nights. The Wednesday night's soldiers' meeting was a time of refreshment. We had a grand open-air on Thursday night. Willie and Ethel, the Ensign's children, sang a duet, and the crowd listened with great attention. At the inside meeting, which was well attended, the Ensign fired some red-hot shots into the ranks of the enemy. Willie and Ethel sang, and our Juniors went through one of their interesting drills. Ice-cream was served at the close. Come again, Ensign and Mrs. Williams.—Sergt. Major Harding.

An Awakening.

Cornwall.—One poor fellow, in a recent meeting, threw himself down at the Mercy Seat and found Christ. There has been an awakening in this town of late. Ensign Bloss gave a lecture on the trials and work of the Klondike, which was much appreciated by old and young. God bless the Ensign.—P. S. M. Omer.

Not One, but Legions.

Medicine Hat.—We rejoice that the presence of God has been amongst us, and His power has been revealed in casting out not one devil, but legions of them. One soul has been set at liberty after years of sin and bondage. The chosen few are going on to victory. God bless the War Cry. I have been wonderfully blessed by it lately, and believe it does good wherever it goes. Our little corps is O.K., and our officers are the kind the devil don't like.—Railroader.

poured His Spirit upon us. In our night meeting Ensign McDonald spoke very forcibly, and many were deeply convicted. We are praying and believing that great things will be accomplished for God's Kingdom in this place. We fear not, for we know that it is our Father's will and joy to give us the victory.—G. S. Lewis, Lieut.

Eight Desire Our Prayers.

Pictou.—On Sunday God came very near and blessed our waiting souls. Mrs. Adjt. Kendall read from God's word at night, and for half an hour held her audience spell-bound. Eight held up their hands for prayer, and two knelt at the pentitent form and cried for mercy. Ensign and Mrs. Pugh have received farewell orders. Capt. Hickman and Corps-Cadet Payne are doing all they can to make H. F. a success. A sewing bee has been started.—Lillie Dawson.

Pray for a Friend.

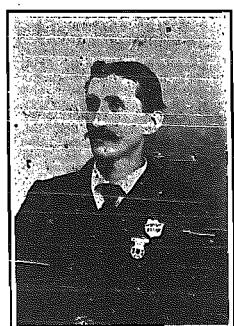
Quebec.—Since the arrival of the new officers we thank God for two souls, and the good interest taken by the people in our work. The other day a lady stopped the officers and asked them to pray for a friend. She was seeking salvation. Two young men, after attending the meeting, expressed a wish to live a better life. The chains of sin were bound around them so tightly that it seemed impossible for them to get free, but God is almighty, and we are believing to see them saved yet.—Scribbler.

Khaki Brigade.

Regina.—The Khaki Brigade has come and gone. Everybody enjoyed the camp meetings very much. We



Cadet Andrews, Sister King, and Cadet Greening, St. John's II, Nfld.



Bro. Omar, G.P.M. Agent, Cornwall, Ont.



Selected by Adj't. McHarg, Petrolia.



Adj't. McHarg.

HOLINESS.

Tune.—Ye banks and braes (B.J. 56).

O Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry,
And all my needs just now supply;New power I want, and strength,
That I may conquer in the fight.Oh, let me have, where'er I go,
Thy strength to conquer every foe.I need Thy love my heart to fill,
To tell to all Thy blessed will,
And to the hopeless soul make known
The strength that dwells in Thee alone;And then, wherever I may go,
Thy power shall conquer every foe.Oh, make my life one blazing fire
Of pure and noble heart desire,
The lost to find, the low to raise,
And give them cause Thy name to praise;Because, wherever I may go,
I show Thy power to every foe.Let love be first, let love be last—
Its light over all my life be cast,
Come now, my Saviour from above,
And dehme all my soul with love,So that, wherever I may go,
Thy love shall conquer every foe.

LORD, LET ME COME.

Tunes.—There is a happy land; How
will you do? (B.J. 174).As I am before Thy face, Saviour,
I pray;
Let the merits of thy grace claim
me to-day.Canst Thou my poor treasure take,
And my heart Thy tempe make?
Can my sins for Thy dear sake, be
washed away?As I am my griefs I lay down at Thy
feet;
Stoop to kiss my tears away, Lord I
entreat.None but Thine own hand can heal,
None but Thine own eye reveal,
All I want and all I feel; Lord let me
come.As I am so tired of strife, Lord, let me
come;As I am for death or life, Lord, let me
come.Crowds of fears obstruct my way
Past defeats would bid me stay,
Yet in child-like faith I pray, Lord, let
me come.All my past is known to Thee, Lord,
Let me come;All my future Thou canst see, Lord,
Let me come.Take me, I can trust my all
In Thy hands, what'ev'r befall,
Then no tempest shall appal; Lord,
Let me come!

WAR AND EXPERIENCE.

Tunes.—Tell them all to meet there;
The day of victory's coming.
3 We're on our way to Glory.
That land so bright and fair,
And when we're safely anchored,
Say, shall we meet you there?
We'll wave palm of victory,
We'll wear a crown of gold,
We'll sing His praise for ever there,
Whose love can never be told. Oh!

Chorus.

Tell them all to meet there.
Tell them all to come;
We shall have a happy time,
When we arrive at home;
We will march together,
We shall join the band,
We will praise our Saviour
In that happy, happy land.

The way to heaven was opened
By Christ upon the cross;
There He became our ransom,
For us He suffered loss.
A free and full salvation
Is offered now to all;
Then, seek this Pearl so priceless,
And obey His gracious call. Oh!

You've loved ones safely landed
Upon that heavenly shore;
You've promised you would meet them
When all life's storms are o'er.
Say, are you steering onwards
To meet them over there?
Or are you drifting downwards
To the regions of despair? Oh!

A FEARLESS SALVATION.

Tune.—Let us march through the world (B.J. 78).

I am a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;I will not fear to own His cause,
Nor blush to spread His fame.

Chorus.

Let us march through the world with
the fire and the blood;
Lord, the power and the glory are
Thine!When we've turned guilty sinners by
millions to God,
Like stars in the heavens we'll
shine.I'll not go singing to the skies,
And living at my ease,
While others miss the heavenly prize,
And die of sin's disease. (The foes of truth and man we'll face,
And bring them to the Blood;
We'll change the world by Jesus's
grace,
And conquer it for God.Yes, I will fight, and Christ shall
reign,Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toll and victory gain,
For Thou hast given the word.

SALVATION.

Tune.—What's the news? (B.J. 12;
Will you go? (B.J. 13).Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
On the Cross!
For us He shed His precious
blood,On the Cross!
Oh, you still His love defy,
And all His grace and power deny,
Draw near, and see your Saviour die
On the Cross!Come, sinners, see Him lifted up
On the Cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the Cross!The rocks do rend, the mountains
quake,
While Jesus does atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the Cross!And now the mighty deed is done
On the Cross!
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the Cross!To heaven He turns His languid eyes,
"Tis finished!" now the Conqueror
cries,
Then bows His sacred head and dies
On the Cross!Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the Cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the Cross.Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the Cross!

JESUS IS CALLING.

Tune.—For you I am pleading (B.J.
338).6 We have a message, a message
from Jesus,
And this is now hastening, its
moments are few;He's seeking poor sinners, make haste
to receive Him.
The Master is come and He calleth
for you.

Chorus.

For you He is calling, for you He is
calling,
Yes, Jesus is calling, is calling for
you.We have a message, a message from
Jesus,
A message of hope to the poor,
To wear heart.The love of my Saviour, there's no
thing so precious,
The friendship of Jesus will never
depart.We have a message, a message from
Jesus,
A message of love to the poor drunk
ard's soul;The love of my Jesus will snap all his
fetters,
The blood of my Saviour makes
perfectly whole.We have a message, a message from
Jesus,Oh, poor, wretched scoffer, you're
telling lies, you're soul;
But Jesus invites you just now to
receive Him,
And He will forgive you and pardon
the whole.

THE SOLO OF THE WEEK

HARK! HEAR THE SAVIOUR
KNOCKING.Tune.—Scatter seeds of kindness
(B.J. 329).7 Weary wanderer, will you listen
While I sing of dying love
Which did make the Saviour has
terenFrom the richest realms above?
In a stable and a manger
Did the Prince of Glory lay;
In the world He was a stranger,
While He sought for souls astray.

Chorus.

Hark! bear the Saviour knocking,
Will you let Him enter now?Lonely, weary and deserted,
With no place to lay His head;
By His own He was rejected,
Cruel thorns His temples bled.
This same Jesus, though so loving,
Is despised throughout the land;
At your heart's closed door is stand
ing,Knocking now with bleeding hand.
Twas on Calvary's rugged mountain,
Where they nailed Him to the tree;
From His open side the fountain
Flows in blood for you and me,
Though you have refused an entrance
To this Prince of Peace, so fair,
If you knock in true repentance,
You will find He still is there.Poor backslider, who hast driven
Jesus from Thy heart and home;
Once you had a hope of heaven,
Now your life is filled with gloom,
Still with pardon and compassion,
He is knocking long to-day;
If you dare refuse salvation,
He may for ever turn away.Lister, sinner! thou art drifting,
Drifting onward to the doom,
Far from mercy thou art sinking,
Where the wild waves are breaking;
Dark and sad is every morn,
Sighs and woes you have as before,
With this awful feeling dawning,
Knocking, knocking days are o'er!

T. H. Q. SPECIALS.

H. F. SUNDAY, SEPT. 22nd.

Ingersoll—Colonel Jacobs and Brigadier Pugnaire.

Lisgar St.—Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin and Staff-Capt. Manton.

Temple—Brigadier Friedrich.

Riverside—Major Horn.

Nelson St.—Major Collier.

Huron St.—Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Archibald.

Hamilton 1.—Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Creighton.

Guelph—Staff-Capt. Page.

St. Catharines—T. H. Q. Qulutel.

Aurora—Adj't. Creighton.

Dundas—Ensign Easton.

The Red-Hot Revivalists,

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AND STAFF-CAPT. MANTON

WILL visit Newmarket from Wednesday, September 11th, to Thursday, September 19th.

E. O. and Q. Province,

MAJOR AND MRS. TURNER

WILL visit Ottawa Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 14, 15, 16.

Spiritual Specials.

MAJOR GALT AND CAPT. LE DREW

WILL visit Deseronto Sept. 13 to Sept. 23; Napanee, Sept. 26 to Oct. 4; Campbellford, Oct. 9 to Oct. 21.



Success Depends on Advertising.



THE EASTERN PROVINCE STILL IN THE LEAD—NIGGER COMES IN SECOND—WHERE IS THE NOBLE ARAB?

Having become somewhat interested in the race and fall of the provinces lately, it does me good to see my predictions come true. The Eastern Star continues to travel in the right course, and I trust our Eastern friends will now see to it that their record is maintained. It is always a source of encouragement to know that you are in the lead. The Eastern Star must be kept in full view, so says Brigadier Sharp.

—*

Ah! Nigger, not to be outwitted, is on the move again, and this week comes in second. A commendable advancement on last week is noticeable. More power to you, Nigger, there are many eager to champion your cause.

—*

Mag goes hot slowly, in fact, her position this week is somewhat disappointing. More hoosiers are wanted in East Ontario.

Easter Province.

105 Husters.

Lient. G. Redmond, Sydney	235	T. Smith, Glace Bay	25
Mrs. Adj't. Dowell, Halifax I.	200	Capt. Trafton, Westville	25
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay	165	S. M. England, Charlottetown	25
Capt. Leafley, Clark's Harbor	25	Capt. Leafley, Clark's Harbor	25
Capt. Smith, Hamilton	25	Capt. Lamont, Southampton	25
Capt. Clark, St. George's	25	Capt. Clark, St. George's	25
C. C. Jones, Clark's Harbor	25	A. Ramie, Windsor	22
A. Lemsore, Windsor	22	Capt. Doyle, Woodstock	22
Capt. Davis, Stellarton	22	Capt. Davis, Stellarton	22
Bro. Hallett, Hampton	22	Capt. Urquhart, Windsor	20
C.C. M. McKay, Springhill	20	B. Sharham, Windsor	20
Capt. Urquhart, Windsor	20	Lena Lake, Windsor	20
Capt. Brewster, Liverpool	20	L. Murthrough, Stellarton	20
Capt. Piercy, Liverpool	110	Capt. Winchester, Moncton	20
Capt. P. Tilley, Carleton	110	Capt. G. Thompson, Newcastle	20
Capt. J. Clark, Oshawa	110	Capt. S. Taylor, Sussex	20
Capt. M. Holden, Westville	110	Capt. Mcleod, St. John	20
Lient. V. Vaudine, Truro	108	Capt. Ryan, Bear River	20
Mrs. Cabin, Hall's I.	100	Capt. Miller, Bridgewater	20
Capt. Forey, Liverpool	100	Capt. Richards, Freeport	20
Lient. C. McDonald, Bridgetown	88	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Capt. A. Kirk, Charlottetown	81	Lient. Chandler, Summerside	20
Capt. F. Joyce, Liverpool	81	Lient. McLennan, Sackville	20
Lient. March, Yarmouth	81	Capt. Wyatt, Fairville	20
Cadet Nickerson, Yarmouth	81	Lient. White, St. John II.	20
Cadet Ritchie, St. John III.	74	Lient. McLeod, St. George's	20
Capt. Andrews, Truro	65	Capt. Ryan, Bear River	20
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	63	Capt. Miller, Bridgewater	20
Capt. Martin, St. Stephen	60	Capt. Richards, Freeport	20
Lient. Clark, St. Stephen	60	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Lient. Chandler, Summerside	60	Lient. McLennan, Sackville	20
Sergt. Thistie, Hall's I.	60	Capt. Wyatt, Fairville	20
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60	Lient. Murthrough, Fairville	20
Cadet Moore, Yarmouth	55	Lient. Hamilton, Annapolis	20
Capt. T. J. Canning	55	Capt. Ryan, Bear River	20
Capt. Prince, Hamilton	50	Capt. Miller, Bridgewater	20
Capt. Nugent, Yarmouth	50	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Capt. Miller, Bridgewater	50	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Capt. Greenland, Amherst	50	Capt. Wyatt, Fairville	20
Lient. Butler, Amherst	50	Capt. Ryan, Bear River	20
Crops-Cadet Colwell, Newcastle	50	Capt. Miller, Bridgewater	20
Ensign Parsons, St. John III.	50	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Capt. Anderson, Summerside	50	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Capt. Pemberton, Hillsboro	50	Capt. Ryan, Bear River	20
S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Capt. Armstrong, St. John V.	45	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
W. Williams, Moncton	45	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Capt. Netting, Digby	42	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Capt. Bowring, Parrsboro	42	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Lient. White, Digby	42	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Ensign Knight, Westville	40	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Capt. E. Green, Halifax I.	40	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Corp. W. Burgess, Halifax I.	40	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Mrs. Reay, Glace Bay	40	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Sister Holden, Windsor	40	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Lient. B. Greaves, Springfield	36	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Ensign L. Larder, Halifax II.	36	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Dartmouth	35	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Sister W. Burgess, Halifax I.	35	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
M. Genge, North Sydney	35	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	35	Capt. Chandler, Summerside	20
Adj't. Byers, Springfield	32	Capt. Marshall, Bracebridge	40
Capt. McNamey, Yorkville	30	Capt. Stollipher, Riveirsde	40
Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	30	Capt. Meeks, Barrie	40
Mrs. Mallory, Hamilton	30	Capt. Meeks, Barrie	40
F. Adams, St. John V.	30	Capt. McNamey, Yorkville	40
Sergt. Mrs. Dowd, Dartmouth	30	Capt. McNamey, Yorkville	40
Capt. Hebb, Hamilton	28	Capt. McNamey, Yorkville	40
Sergt. Mrs. Mayhew, Charlottetown	28	Capt. McNamey, Yorkville	40
Lient. Lebars, Houlton	25	Capt. McNamey, Yorkville	40
Capt. Parsons, Calais	25	Capt. McNamey, Yorkville	40

I think that, perhaps, our Comrade, Mrs. Adj't. Dowell will get there, given her a chance. A drop this week, however, fills one with wonderment. Lieut. Currell, of the C.O.P. is still on the top, while Lieut. Redmond of the East, and Sister Thompson, of East Ontario, have the honor of ranking second and third.

Sergt. D. Taylor, of the North West, and Sergt. J. Lidstone, Newfoundland, keep ahead in their respective provinces, while Capt. Gain shares like honor in the Pacific.

There are many deserving credit for their enthusiasm in The War Cry race, but whose names we are unable to mention. They are doing all in their power to increase its sales. God bless them!

I am great on this holy competition, and always seek to encourage it to the best of my humble ability.

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A. Lodge, St. John's II.....	20
H. Gilby, St. John's II.....	20
Sergt.-Major Seward, Heart's Con-	
20	
Mrs. Crocker, Heart's Delight	20
Sergt. Carter, St. John's II.....	20
Sergt. Vincent, New Town	20
T. Harlick, Gambo	20
Mrs. Green, Arnuld's Cove	20

The Klondike.
2 Hustlers.

Capt. Lloyd, Dawson City	130
Capt. Wilcox, Dawson City	81



First insertion.

PELL, WESLEY ORR. Height 5 ft. 10 in., eyes light blue, age about 18 years. Last heard of at Medicine Hat. Employed by the C.P.R. as wiper. His friends are anxious to hear from him.

ARMITAGE, WALTER, JAMES, and **WILLIAM.** When last heard from were living in Winnipeg, Man., but were going to North Dakota. Their father is anxious to hear from them.

SCANLON, STEPHEN. Age 42, has sandy hair and brown eyes. When last heard of was in the hospital (evidently Catholic) at Havre, Mont., with fractured or broken limb. His sister is anxious to hear from him.

TREGILGAS, JAMES. Age 39, medium height, fair hair, hazel eyes, sallow complexion. A miner by occupation. When last heard of was living at Bald Butte, Montana. Friends anxious.

SOMER, THOMAS HENRY. Height 5 ft. 5 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, scar on left cheek. Last heard of seven years ago and working at St. Paul, Minn. Supposed to have learned the blacksmithing. Was reported to be in Montreal three years ago. He was foreman on the C.P.R., near Mattawa, Ont. His mother is anxious.

Second insertion.

FAIRLIE, ROBERT EASTON. Age 55 years, height 5 ft. 9 in., black hair and eyes, dark complexion. He is a boatyard worker, and was last heard of in Halifax, Canada. His aged mother is very anxious to obtain news of him.

COHEN, WILLIAM. Age 25, height about 5 ft. 8 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard of. He was very stout and had a scar on his forehead, between the eyes. His mother is very anxious to obtain news of him.

WATSON, ALFRED. Age about 44 years, height 5 ft. 11 in., blue eyes, fair complexion, hair turning grey. He is an engine-driver by trade.

YOUNG, WILLIAM J. Last heard of ten years ago. Age about 30 years, dark complexion, brown eyes, brown hair, about 5 ft. 9 in. Brother, Alfred Young, enquires.

CLARKE, WILLIAM S. Age 38, light complexion, height 5 ft. 6 in., grey eyes. Left Halifax four years ago for Maine, U.S.A. His mother, Mrs. Jane Clarke, is anxious to hear from him.

HALLIDAY, MRS. ANN. Age 70 years, height 5 ft. 5 in., brown hair, dark eyes, and complexion. She has not been heard of for thirteen years, her last known address being Port Dover, Ont., Canada.

JONES, JOHN ALFRED. Age 33 years, height 5 ft. 11 in., rather fair hair, dark eyes, small features. His last complexion, near-sighted. His last address was 31 Stewart Street, Hamilton, Ont. Mother enquires.

GRIMES, CHARLES. Last heard of was living at Hazeldean, Ont. He is a married man with one child.

SHEPPARD, JOHN HENRY. Age 20 years. Occupied that of a farm laborer. His last known address is c/o Mr. D. Patterson, Thornbury, Ont. Friends are anxious to hear from him.

OLIVERLY, EDWARD EBENEZER. Age 27 years, height 5 ft. 4 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. A laborer. Last known address was 109 Princess St., Montreal. Mother enquires.

WALKER or GOLD, WILLIAM. Age 49 years, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair,

THE HYGIENE CLASS.

CHAPTER IV.

Germs and Foul Odors.—Noxious gases and disease-germs are often associated together in a fortunate fact, as enables us to detect the dangerous character of an infected atmosphere without the trouble of a chemical analysis. It is possible for the air to be swarming with disease-germs without an offensive odor being present; but it seldom happens that we have an odor of putrescence without the presence of noxious germs. It is perfectly safe to say that a foul-smelling air is a dangerous air. If our eyes were microscopic, we should detect the minute germs that would appeal the strongest heat.

Sources of Germs.—Perhaps we may, with profit, consider for a moment some of the most common sources of these deadly enemies to human life. We need not seek long for an illustration of the source from which these unseen foes sail forth to prey upon our dearest friends, or upon ourselves. Let us picture an average human habitation. We have a fine, commodious dwelling ample room, plenty of comfort of every sort, even convenience that money can procure or ingenuity devise. It would seem that the occupants ought to be happy and healthy; but they are not. Every now and then death makes a visit to the household, carrying off its brightest members, ruthlessly slaying father, mother, brother, sister, whether in the prime of life or in feeble infancy. Why this sacrifice? This ruthless slaughter? Who are the invisible invaders invading this happy home?—A priest, a doctor, a man who has said, "An evil spirit hath done this;" but the days of witchcraft and superstition have gone by, and we must look for some more rational solution of the mystery.

A Cellar Investigated.—Let us look around. We will begin our investigation at the lowest portion of the house, and proceed to examine the cellar. The sense of smell at once informs us that a quantity of decaying vegetables has accumulated there, having been undisturbed, perhaps, for months, and are possibly still in the same dead and deadly condition, the effect of which has already been described. Through the open cellar door, through the cracks in the floor, through the porous partitions, and through a thousand sand channels, this stagnant, poison-laden air finds its way into the living apartments of the household, and into the lungs of the occupants. Every nook and corner of the dwelling is haunted by that pestilential, disease-producing odor.

A Peep into a Kitchen.—We ascend to the kitchen. Here we find an accumulation of what everybody recognizes as kitchen smells. In one corner stands the cookstove, and the other the wood-oven, receptacle of a hundred things besides its daily supply of fuel. If the witnesses were not mute, we might listen to a surprising tale of insanitary transgressions connected with that homely piece of furniture. Let us turn out upon the floor the contents, and scrutinize them. Shade of Hygeia, what a smell! The nose makes a protest with a sneeze. Suppress your emotions, and proceed to

blacksmith by trade. Last known address was Silver Pool, Montana. Sister enquires.

ALLAN, WILLIAM. Age about 17 years, rather stout, medium height, fair complexion, blue eyes. Came from Cornwall, Eng., about 13 years ago. Supposed to have been in Greenfield, Mass. Sister Louie Allan enquires.

WHELAN, DAVID. Age about 42. When last heard from was living in Perth, Western Australia. Height 6 ft. 8 in., build, fair complexion. Carpenter by trade. Married Kate Crawley, of Melbourne, Aus. Sister anxious to obtain information. Australian Cry please copy.

examine. Rotten bark, decomposing apple-corers, odds and ends of almost every imaginable eatable, the remnants of the cozy nest in which several generations of mice have been reared, a moldy, putrescent conglomeration of everything perishable that enters a household, teaming with filth, redgent with putrefaction, and crawling with vermin—such are the contents of the average kitchen. Woodwork, few such have we seen, and a still larger number, out of sight and conveniently near, we have smelled.

In another corner is the inevitable "sink," made of wood, and saturated with decomposing dishwater. Hiding in its secret corners are ancient rags in an advanced state of decay; and the drainpipe connected with it, bottom, affords an open channel for the ingress of pestilential odors from the cesspool just outside the door.

The plastered walls were saturated with the emanations of a chamber of a century, pour forth an odoriferous stream of gaseous filth, which is unobserved only because overpowered by the other sources of contamination.

A Dark Spot, Full of Germs.—We must not fail to take a look into the pantry close at hand, before proceeding elsewhere with our investigations. I wonder if the goddess of health ever looked into a modern pantry? If she did, it is a marvel that she did not send her emblematic serpent on a commission of punishment among the cooks, for such flagrant infractions of her laws. Our oculatories are the only guide necessary to enable us to discover the whereabouts of the precious corner where are stored the precious articles of daily consumption by the family, a odor of sourness, which betrays unmistakably the presence of decomposing milk, leads us to the doorway of the pantry, and we enter to make a closer inspection. With the exception of a few pans of milk which has lost its useful properties, and acquired some which are not useful, all looks neat and orderly; a musty odor, not perceptible, perhaps to those who have become accustomed to it, but which is all the same significant to the sensitive olfactory of a sanitarian, attracts our attention to sundry drawers and corners, which otherwise might have escaped notice. We will not pain the sensibilities of our hearers with all the possible revelations from an investigation of the hidden recesses of the ordinary pantry. Fragments of moldy bread, stale food of various kinds, perhaps a churn, with its souring, fermenting contents awaiting the weekly churning-day, and but a few of the items which would be included in a complete inventory, is it a masterpiece of art for germs of every description to hold high carnival. And they do. Every housewife knows that a pan of fresh milk placed in a close room or pantry alongside a pan of sour milk, sours much sooner than if set in a perfectly fresh and wholesome place.

A Sitting-Room Inspected.—Let us take a look into the sitting-room, the chief living-room of the house. Here, again, we are pretty sure to find a wood-box, nicely painted or papered outside, but no less uninviting inside than its humble brother in the kitchen. We find no kitchen sink with its unwholesome odors, but that source of con-

tamination is within easy smelling distance, and so is still able to do its work of mis-leaf. So, too, the putrescent fumes from the cellar and pantry are plainly perceptible, and the walls are covered with a layer of decomposable matter condensed from the vapors rising from the cooking vegetables, boiling of soups, garnishes, and other culinary and domestic operations. Many other such layers have been formed and buried by the new layer of paper and paste added every two or three years, or often, until, as we have seen in some instances, as many as eight or ten layers may be counted. Where could a more fertile field for germs and spores be found?

A dark spot, a foot or two in diameter, marks the place where, as the housekeeper says, the paper has been stained as the result of defective root. A close inspection shows something more than a stain—a flourishing crop of mold. Put a speck of that same mold under the microscope, and we behold a forest. Every two years of sacking filled with minute spores, called spores. Some of these sacking are ripe and bursting, throwing the spores with which they are filled in every direction. This is what is taking place on the wall, and those same spores fill the air all round, getting into the creeping into the fruits, and stealing into the pantry, and spoiling the labor of the housewife in a hundred ways, besides creating a musty odor which is constantly inhaled by the occupants of the house, and possibly conveying to them the seeds of disease and death.

A beautiful carpet on the floor conveys health. Its delicate shades a congenital accumulation of impurity within the dwelling and without. Let the children come about the room a few minutes, and see what a cloud of witnesses arise to testify that the shades of death are lurking just beneath its graceful patterns. Each sweep of the broom raises a cloud of germs and spores, and decomposing and decomposable fragrances gathered from the kitchen, the yard, the street, the gutter—those sand-souls until the air becomes almost as opaque as the densest fog. Every living occupant of the room prudently retires, even to the household cat, except the sweeper, who plies her broom with industrious activity, with head and nose enveloped in the folds of a handkerchief, which acts as a protector and a strainer. When the commotion is ended, the dusty fit settles on the top of book-cases, cupboards, and other articles of furniture, upon the folds of lace curtains, upon the ceiling, walls of the room, and where?—in our lodgment. Pretty soon the housekeeper comes back, and with a duster, stirs up anew the dust which has settled upon tables, chairs, window-sills, picture-frames, and other articles within easy reach, driving it up to higher lodgment, from which it is destined to be constantly swept by currents of air, movements of windows, swinging of hanging articles, and in various ways to be scattered, after all, by the daily comings and goings of the house, who come to escape by avoiding the commotion created by the morning's sweeping. Such air, like the mines of Nevada, has "millions in it," all alive, and ready to develop, in the fertile soil, disease and death.

(To be continued.)

Orders have been issued by the War Office for instruction in horse swimming to be given in batteries of horse and field artillery at all stations where there are opportunities for the practice.

IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

THE COMMISSIONER will deeply appreciate any gifts of money, food, clothing, or suitable books for the libraries of the following Homes:

- *The Evangelical Home for Children, 10 Stanley Ave., Toronto.
- *The Evangelical Women's Home, 78 Argyle St., Toronto.
- *The Home for the Aged, 100 St. James St., St. John's, Newfoundland.
- *The Homeless, 62 St. James St., St. John's, Newfoundland.
- *Fortescue, 62 George St., Halifax, N.S.
- *The Bridge, 72 Windsor St., Halifax, N.S.
- *The Royal Canadian Legion, 1000 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
- *Redención Home, 10 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.
- *Montana State Home, 101 West Copper St., Butte, Mont.
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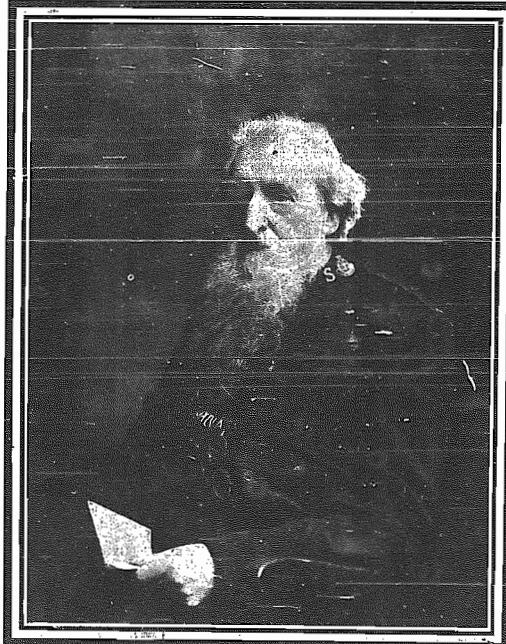
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